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THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY MARY PROCTOR.

"Whene'er those southern seas I sail,
I find my eyes instinctive turning
Where, pure and marvelously pale,
Four sacred stars are brightly burning.

A HALO of romance has woven itself about the stars of the Southern Cross—one of the most picturesque objects in the southern skies. At one time these stars formed part of the constellation named the "Centaur," which was once included under that called "Argo," the Great Ship; but toward the end of the eighteenth century the Southern Cross became a constellation on its own account. Nevertheless, its resemblance to a cross must have been observed long before this time, since an Arabian globe has been found on which an outline of a cross is marked about this group of stars.

The Southern Cross has four stars named Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta; while a little south of Delta is the small red star Epsilon, which rather mars the outline of the cross-shaped figure. Alpha and Gamma form the longer bar of the cross, Gamma being at the top of the cross, and Alpha at the foot, as shown in the diagram on the next page. Beta and Delta form the cross-piece, Beta being to the right, and Delta to the left. Beta is a white star, and when observed through a telescope, a rosy-red star can be seen in the same field of view, forming a most charming contrast to Beta. Delta is a white star, and inferior

in brightness to the rest. Alpha, at the foot of the cross, is a very bright star of a dazzling white hue; and some missionaries who were sent by Louis XIV. to Siam, in 1685, while devoting some of their leisure time to the contemplation of the glories of the southern skies, discovered that Alpha, in the Southern Cross, was a double star, the two stars being very nearly equal in size and color. Gamma is a red star, and not quite as bright as Alpha, which is the leading brilliant in the Southern Cross.

The longer bar of the cross points nearly to the south pole, the situation of which in the heavens is not marked by any brilliant star, but which is about four and a half cross-lengths from the foot of the cross. For this reason Alpha and Gamma are sometimes called the "pointers." In fact, the Southern Cross may be looked upon as the hour-hand of a great clock, which goes round once in twenty-four hours, moving in the same direction as the hands of a clock, unlike our Great Bear or Dipper, in the northern heavens, which appears to go round the northern pole in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock. This is because the observer's face, when looking at the northern pole, is turned in a direction contrary to the face of an observer in the southern hemisphere turned toward the southern pole.

The first settlers in the Spanish possessions

in tropical America used the stars of the Southern Cross as a celestial clock, calculating the hours from its inclined or erect position; and in this way it served as a timepiece, though it gained very regularly nearly four minutes a day. No other group of stars in the southern skies makes so good a clock.

Humboldt, in his "Travels," remarks: "How often have we heard our guides exclaim in the savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past; the cross begins to bend!'" Humboldt saw the Southern Cross for the first time in the tropics; and he describes it as being greatly inclined, and appearing from time to time between the clouds, the center of which, furrowed by occasional flashes of lightning, reflected a silvery light. The pleasure he felt on discovering the Southern Cross was shared by all the sailors who had visited the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, the lone seaman, who

all the night
Sails astonished among stars,

hails a star as a friend from whom he has long been separated. The Portuguese and the Spaniards are specially interested in the stars

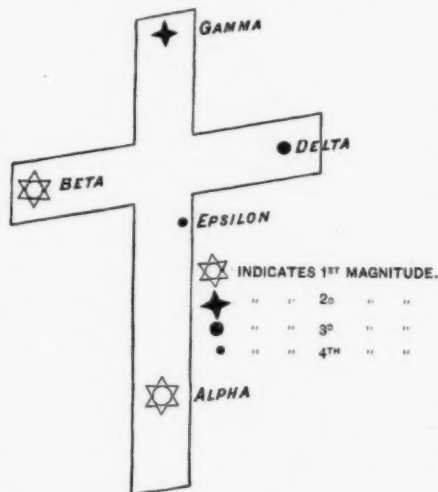


DIAGRAM OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

of the Southern Cross, for they attach a religious sentiment to a constellation the form of

which recalls the sign of faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World.

Near the Southern Cross is an almost vacant patch of sky, which was named the "Coal-sack" by early navigators. In the Coal-sack only one very small star can be seen with the unaided eye, but the telescope reveals many stars in that seemingly deserted region, proving that the striking blackness is due simply to the effect of contrast with the brilliant ground surrounding it on all sides. On the northern edge of the Coal-sack is a star of ruddy hue, known as Kappa, but too small to be seen with the unaided eye. Even a small telescope fails to make one realize the splendor of this star; but when Sir John Herschel turned his twenty-foot reflector in its direction, he was surprised to find Kappa the center of a cluster of over one hundred stars of all the colors of the rainbow, contrasting wonderfully with one another. He compared it to a superb piece of fancy jewelry, while Flammarion describes it as "a casket of glittering gems."

In his chapter on the motions of the stars, Langley thus refers to the Southern Cross:

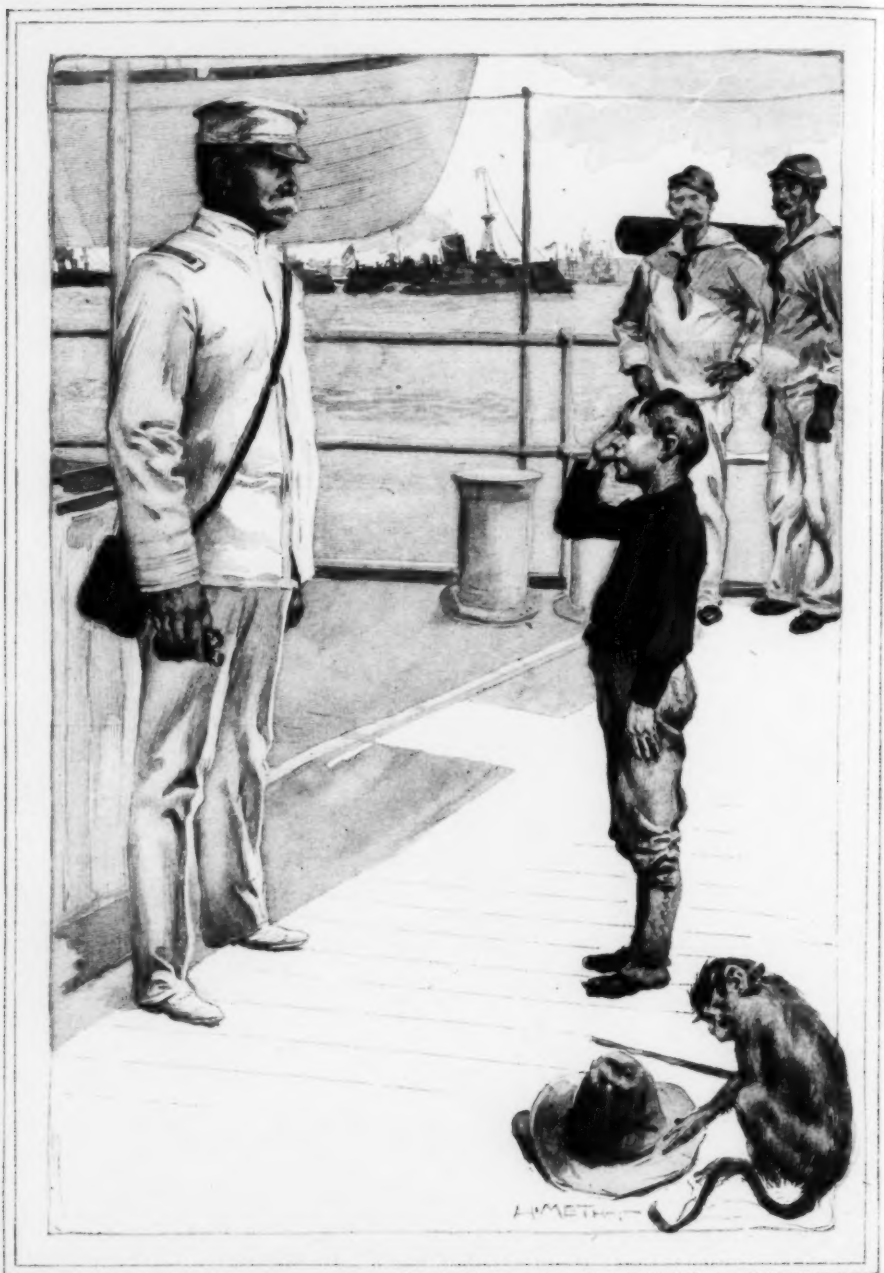
In perhaps the earliest and most enduring work of man's hand, the Great Pyramid of Egypt, is a long, straight shaft, cut slopingly through the solid stone, and pointing like a telescope to the heavens near the pole. If we look through it now we see nothing; but when it was set up it pointed to a particular star which is no longer there. That pyramid was built when the savages of Britain saw the Southern Cross at night; and the same slow change in the direction of the earth's axis that in thousands of years has borne that constellation to southern skies has carried the stone tube away from the star that it once pointed at.

Fact and fancy, folk-lore and superstition, have woven their charm around the bright stars of the Southern Cross, which is of all the more interest now, since it shines upon the newly acquired possessions of America in Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. When the sentinel on guard in the Philippines during the weary night hours turns his eyes in the direction of the Southern Cross, well may he say:

"Shine on! My own land is a far-distant spot,
And the stars of thy spheres can enlighten it not;
And the eyes that I love, though e'en now they may
be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee."



UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.



"WELL, YOUNG MAN, WHO ARE YOU?" ASKED ADMIRAL DEWEY. "WHY, I AM SEARCHLIGHTS, SIR," SAID THE MASCOT."

"SEARCHLIGHTS."

(A Mascot at Manila.)

By C. A. METHFESSEL, U. S. N.

WHEN the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers were encamped at the Presidio, at San Francisco, shortly after the battle of Manila Bay, they chanced to pick up a homeless lad, fifteen years of age, who seemed anxious to go to Manila and fight for Uncle Sam.

He was rather small for his age, and by reason of his good nature and pluckiness soon won the affections of both officers and men. Consequently he was chosen to be the mascot of Company D. Soon after his initiation he was nicknamed "Searchlights" because of his many freckles and his brilliant red hair. His name was William Doran.

He was born in Portland, Oregon. When about nine years of age his father died, and he had to leave school and look for something to do in order that he and his mother might live, she being in delicate health, and sometimes confined to her bed for weeks.

It was not long before the little fellow was earning a few dollars a week in a cigar-factory, sealing boxes. But his mother was gradually failing, and it became necessary to remove her to the hospital, where she died, leaving him an orphan, homeless, with a doctor's and an undertaker's bill to settle.

He saved from his scant earnings until at last he was able to meet his debts. He decided to leave Portland and go to San Francisco, where opportunities to work were more plentiful, the doctor and the undertaker cutting down their bills to half of the original amount, thus allowing him a few dollars for his expenses, should he not find employment.

After roaming about the city for a few days without securing employment, he managed to earn a little money occasionally, but never found steady work.

Finally, when the war with Spain broke out, and Admiral Dewey won his great victory in Manila Bay, the boy volunteered his services as a "mascot," being too young to enlist.

He made many friends among the men from Pennsylvania, and became mascot of Company D, as already told.

Shortly after the regiment arrived at Cavité and had settled down at Camp Dewey, awaiting the arrival of more troops, the men began to realize what a true and devoted little fellow he was. Whenever there was anything to be done he was always found ready to make himself useful.

It was one of his daily pleasures to accompany his men on outpost duty, and after seeing them all stationed, he would remain with them day and night through all the rain and terrible heat by which many of the brave boys were overcome. Our sick soldiers were sent to the hospital at Cavité, which at that time was situated in the navy-yard, and was formerly used by the Spaniards who were wounded during the revolution before our war.

At times the men would be short of food, and Searchlights could always be seen making it as comfortable for them as possible, bringing their meals to them, and never helping himself until all had been attended to.

It was during the night of July 31 that he won many friends, not only in his own regiment, but in the entire army at that time in the Philippines; and it was a common thing to hear him praised by men who had heard of his daring.

The first engagement with the Spanish army in the Philippines occurred on this night, the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment at the time being in the trenches, where the boys were fighting against overwhelming numbers. Searchlights was repeatedly told to keep his head within the trench; but in spite of warnings, he could not resist the temptation of taking a look at the enemy, and replied: "Oh, they can't hit a barn, not alone me."

He was finally detailed to watch a field-piece which had caused much annoyance, and

lying flat on the ground, he faithfully kept his eyes riveted on the field-piece.

When the supply of ammunition became exhausted, the supply-wagons arrived. They were just in time; and Searchlights was busy distributing the shells to the men, under a most galling fire, never flinching. He was on duty until the enemy was compelled to retreat.

After the battle, when the wounded had been removed to the hospital, Searchlights was a constant visitor, always thinking of the comfort of the men before his own, and sharing his ration with any whom he thought in need of it. He would also borrow books wherever he could, and bring them in for the sick or the wounded to read.

One day, as he came into the hospital with his arms full of books and papers which he had scraped up around camp, he was stopped by an officer, who talked to him and complimented him for his bravery, saying:

"Searchlights, I have heard a great deal about you and your doings since you came out here. You are a brave lad, and we are proud of you. Some day you will be a great soldier—perhaps a general. How would you like to be an officer, Searchlights?"

"Well, sir," said he, "I don't know as I would like to be one, at all, sir; for if I were

I could not associate with the men as I do now."

On August 13, when Manila surrendered, with his company, as file-closer, canteen and haversack at his side, and spade on his shoulder, he was one of the first to enter the city.

Shortly afterward he paid a visit to Admiral Dewey's flagship, the "Olympia." The Admiral, seeing him playing with a pet monkey, called him over and spoke to him, asking:

"Well, young man, who are you?"

"Why, I am Searchlights, sir."

"And who is Searchlights?"

"Why, the mascot of Company D, Tenth Pennsylvania regiment, of course."

The Admiral took a great deal of interest in him, and invited him to take a trip to Hong-Kong when the Olympia went there for docking and cleaning. The men made him a blue-jacket's uniform, and started a subscription to buy him clothes, allowing him a neat little sum with which to enjoy himself.

On his way back to Manila, he complained of not feeling well, and shortly after arriving there he died, having been ill but a few days.

He was buried in the United States Cemetery at Maracabon, in his blue-jacket's uniform, with military honors.

An elaborate headstone now marks the resting-place of the true little American patriot.



"SEARCHLIGHTS" IN HIS SAILOR-SUIT.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

TRINITY BELLS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

[This story was begun in the April number.]

CHAPTER VII.

"ALL IS WELL, KATRYNTJE!"

DURING this interval Paul had reached Algiers safely. The voyage there had been somewhat delayed by adverse winds, and by no wind at all; but one day, after five weeks' sailing, the George Washington cast anchor within the mole of Algiers. The next day the gold for the barbarian monarch was carried to his palace by American seamen—the officers and the American consul, with a body of sailors, making a guard for it. Cannon from the ship announced its approach; cannon from the Dey's forts thundered out a welcome for it.

But it was a most humiliating embassy for American naval officers, and it was no easy matter for them to bear in patience the necessary formalities. Far more cheerfully would they have bombarded the Dey's palace than have entered it as envoys or guests.

Paul had been previously well instructed by the consul as to his wisest course; and in pursuance of this advice, he went with the procession bearing the Dey's present. And he could not help feeling as if he was taking a part in some "Arabian Nights" dream, so remote all seemed from American life—from the very century in which he was living. Even the unchangeable sea was strangely unreal in this African harbor. For it was crowded with black war-vessels, with Moorish xebecs, with strange barks of all kinds, and sails of every fantastic shape and color.

And how different from Broadway or the Battery were the narrow, dark streets, where the eaves met, and he walked between dead walls. Yet through these sandy, uphill lanes what a wildly romantic population poured! Bedouins on fleet Arabian horses; civilians all

in white, dragging their slippered feet through the dust with majestic unconcern; sea-robbers, armed to the teeth; Jews in costumes the very counterpart of those worn by Isaac and Jacob; date- and sherbet-sellers; sheiks, mollahs, dervishes, negroes; merchants in dusk, unwindowed stalls, sitting cross-legged, smoking, upon bales of drugs, perfumed leather, and fragrant tobacco; musicians filling the blue, quivering air with the shrill laments of Arab pipes, and little African tom-toms, and iron castanets; and over everything, the intense whitewash, lying like a shroud. The atmosphere of the place was just as foreign and strange and fabulous; for the familiar odor of salt water, pitch, and tar was powerfully blended with a multitude of unusual scents: scented tobacco, attar of roses, hashish, melons, musk, the peculiar perfume of morocco leather, Arabian drugs, spikenard, the animal smell of camels, and of all the wild life of the desert.

It was through these old, old-world sights and sounds and smells the Americans slowly proceeded to the palace of the Dey, the intolerably offensive, cruel Yusef. They found him surrounded by negroes of immense size, black as ebony, scantily clothed in scarlet, with gold bands round their arms and legs, and great gold hoops in their ears, and by Mohammedan viziers in snow-white veils and burnouses. In his hand he held the large, heavily jeweled fan with which more than once he had struck consuls of the European courts who had not done him sufficient homage; and over his head was a scarlet umbrella of such antique form as may have sheltered the Queen of Sheba.

He received the American embassy with marked indifference, and there was on his handsome face a repulsive and unspeakably scoffing expression. With apparent unconcern, he waved the coin aside, but conde-

scended to say that he would extend his protection over American ships of commerce.

Then, at a motion from the American consul, Paul stepped forward. He took from their satin-lined cases his mother's string of pearls, and her ruby brooch and ring, and laid them at the despot's feet. And the Oriental passion for gems immediately asserted itself. A look of intense interest came into the Dey's disdainful face. Gold was a common commodity of known value, but pearls and rubies had the charm of rarity and of uncertain value. He regarded them with a longing eye, and looked inquiringly at the consul, who said:

"Great Bashaw Yusef: This young American beseeches you to accept these jewels as a ransom for his father and three American seamen, which your sailors captured on the 11th of March, about two years ago. It is all he can offer. The American's fortune was in the ship which is now yours. These jewels come from the women of his family. Deign, Bashaw, to hear his petition favorably."

"The cadi of the slaves and prisoners shall be consulted," answered the Bashaw. "By the Prophet! if these Americans be still alive they have been too well treated."

Then Paul did a very wise thing. Instead of restoring the jewels to their cases, he handed them to the interpreter for the Dey, saying: "Let the pearls and rubies remain. And may the inquiries be propitious."

This was all. It seemed to Paul very little; but the consul considered it a great deal. Yet Paul passed three days of sickening anxiety before the investigation was made. It was then declared that two of the four men taken from the *Golden Victory* were dead; but that for the lives of the other two the "holy Bashaw" was willing, in his great generosity, to consider the ship and the jewels a sufficient ransom.

Three more days were consumed in getting the necessary orders and discharges, and in securing men and camels to go with Paul to the station at which his father, if still alive, was detained. But at length all was ready, and Paul left Algiers for the works at Mekinez, a journey inland of four days. It

was a terrible journey. The country itself was enough to inspire despair. The vast treeless plains, the large salt lakes, the arid grandeur of the white rocks, the fiery glories of the sun, the whole strange, solitary landscape, filled Paul with an indescribable sadness. Everything was savage, burning, cruel; the land and the men alike partook of the nature of the lions which haunted every mile of their journey. And how these four awful days of travel filled Paul's heart with pity for his captive father, and with love and longing for his own fertile, cool, free, beautiful native land!

"Oh, America, America!" he sobbed as he lay down fearfully to try to sleep in the shadowy caravan, among the camels and asses, the fathomless depth of the African sky above him, and the roar of hungry lions all around. "Oh, my native land! if ever I forget thee, or cease to love thee, may I die in this awful place!" For it was impossible to rid himself of a frightful impression of entire separation from home and country. He felt as if he was another person, and lived in a different world and in a long-ago time.

Twice they met parties of Christian slaves being driven to some other post, where their labor was needed. The clang of their chained limbs, their hopeless looks, their bare feet and heads in the hot sand and sun, and the overseers armed with long whips accompanying them, made a scene that Paul could not endure to look at.

At last, however, Mekinez was in sight; though all that appeared were some old walls of hardened clay, seamed and cracked by the sun, and a few roofless huts. An air of unspeakable misery hung over the place; it was desolate and sad beyond description. Half a mile away there were many lime-kilns, and the cadi directed Paul thither. His soul outran his body; he sent his loving, longing thoughts before him; and perhaps his father was insensibly influenced by them: for, though it was not permitted that any slave should lift his eyes even for a moment from his labor, Captain Jan stood erect by his burning-kiln.

For amid the blaze and heat a sudden vision had come to him of the wild, free waves, of his bounding ship, and of the fresh,

cool winds of heaven blowing all around him. He shaded his hot eyes with his hands, and looked across the white desert, as if he was looking and praying for help. And in that moment his prayer was answered. For Paul saw him, and knew him, and called out with a voice that pierced that dreadful solitude:

"Father! Father! Father!"

He was answered by a cry that was hardly human in the intensity of its agony, and wonder, and joy. Then, despising all discipline, and indifferent to punishment, Captain Jan ran to meet the approaching caravan. And oh, how amazing, how bewildering, were the words that greeted him:

"Freedom! Freedom, father! You are free!"

It was soon ascertained that Captain Jan was the only man from the *Golden Victory* still alive. But Paul had brought money with him, and the overseer was induced to put in the dead sailor's place a poor little lad from Nantucket, the only other American at that station. Fortunately, Paul had not forgotten to bring with him some linen and clothing for his father; and hardly anything that was merely physical could have so delighted the captain.

"It was mother's thought," said Paul. "She packed the clothing, and bade me on no account forget it."

"And it was just like your mother, Paul," he answered, his eyes full of happy tears. "No one but she would have considered such a thing. I was dead, and am alive again!" he cried with a transcendent gratitude. "I was lost, and am found!"

In four days they were in Algiers. Then the captain came in sight of the *sea*, and he shouted aloud, and the little sailor lad cried like a child. But all were yet trembling with anxiety and terror. Yusef was as capricious as the wind, and as treacherous as a bog; some trouble might have arisen which would change all. But no! Thank God, there lay the *George Washington*, the blessed ship on which their safety depended. They reached the mole. The *cadi* having examined their passports and having received the consul's assurance that the ransomed were Americans, the whole party were at last suffered to embark.

During these awful moments of suspense Captain Jan was dumb. He stood by Paul's side in a trance of unspeakable, agonizing fear. For his life, he could not have said a word; he was quivering, breathless, until the little boat was under the lee of the *George Washington*, and a ladder of ropes was flung over her side. Then in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he seized the ladder, and the next moment he was received on her deck with a shout of welcome.

But Captain Jan saw no human being. He flung himself upon his knees to thank God; and when he rose, his first action was to clasp the starry flag of America to his breast, and kiss it, and kiss it, and kiss it again and again, until a passion of tears relieved the almost unbearable tension and pressure of his emotions.

Oh, what a marvelous hour that was! He was free. He was safe. And he had not felt safe for a moment until the Stars and Stripes was rippling over him. Now, even if the Dey should alter his mind, he could fight; he could die for his freedom!

And that very night there seemed to be a prospect of a fight. Captain Bainbridge received an impudent and imperative order to take on board the *George Washington* a present of slaves, wild beasts, and money for the Sultan, and carry them to Constantinople. In vain Captain Bainbridge protested; the Dey assured him that the *George Washington* was fully in his power, and, unless he obeyed, she would be confiscated, her officers and crew sold as slaves, and war immediately declared against American trade.

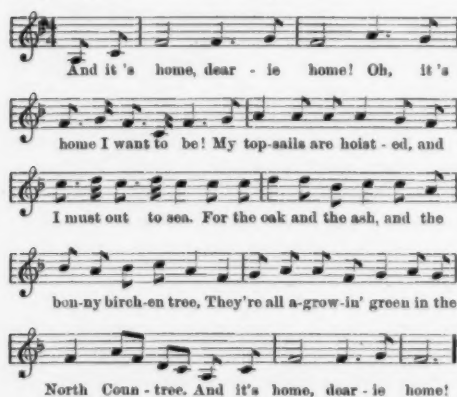
There was nothing, therefore, to be done but to proceed to Constantinople on the despot's business; and it seemed as if there was no other course for Paul and his father except that of accompanying them. But, fortunately, that very night an English ship anchored close beside the *George Washington*; and as soon as it was dark Paul managed to board her, and so to engage the captain's sympathy that he was not only willing but very desirous to carry the three men out of danger.

Before midnight the transfer had been made. But not until they reached the Bay of Biscay did Captain Jan feel sure of liberty.

"The Mediterranean," he said, "is full of these Moorish robbers and murderers, and no vessel is secure, no matter under what flag she sails. For when they have sunk a craft they will vow she was flying some flag not under their protection."

In London they deposited in the Bank of England the money which Paul had brought for ransom, and without a moment's delay sought a ship bound for New York. They were fortunate enough to find the "Elijah Pell," a fast clipper, just ready to sail, and with glad hearts they stepped on board of her. In those days, however, to sail, even in a merchant-vessel, was to sail with danger, and with the chance of fight or capture. England and France were likely at any hour to go to war; America and France were ready to fight whenever their crafts met; and the privateers of all three nations hung round dangerously near to ingoing and outcoming ships.

But at last—at last—the low-lying, happy shores of America were in sight. The Hook was passed; they were in the river; the city itself was coming into view. In two or three hours Captain Jan and his son might be singing in their own home the delightful little sea chantey that had interpreted their hopes and longings many an hour on their voyage—the chantey that homeward-bound Northern sailors had sung for at least two hundred years, and may sing for twice as many more:



And it's home, dear - ie home! Oh, it's
home I want to be! My top-sails are hoist - ed, and
I must out to sea. For the oak and the ash, and the
bon-ny birch-en tree, They're all a-grow-in' green in the
North Coun - tree. And it's home, dear - ie home!

It was a charming day in late April—one of those spring days when New York is at her

very loveliest, when the sky is blue, dappled with white, and the west wind blows gently through her streets, and every man has a flower in his buttonhole, and every woman violets on her breast or daffodils in her hands, when there are early flowers selling at the street corners, and the very beggars ask with music for pennies. It was just the same a hundred years ago. Madam Van Clyffe had a box of English daisies in bloom at her parlor window; they were crying violets on the street; they were selling pansies and snowdrops and lilies-of-the-valley in pots at the street corners. A man was playing a fiddle on the sidewalk before Trinity, and the shop-windows were full of Indian calicoes and muslins, and spring delaines, and straw bonnets, and green parasols, and summer lute-strings, and delicate mercery goods of every description.

Madam Van Clyffe was busy with her needle. Catharine was painting a fan. Mr. Errington was upstairs working on his "Dutch Interior"; they could hear his footsteps as he moved about, and the soft echo of "Full Fathom Five," which he was singing as he worked. Catharine had been telling her mother something amusing about Elsie; but they had talked the event over, and were both silent, so silent that the movement of needle and pencil, and the murmur of song above them, were all distinctly audible.

This conscious quiet was broken by an indescribable movement at the door, and a rapid knock—the knock for which their hearts were always listening. With an uncontrollable cry, Madam ran to the door. Catharine followed her. This time it was the glory and fruition of long months of prayer and watching. She was in her husband's arms. She was in Paul's arms. She was laughing and crying. They were all laughing and crying. None of them could at first utter a word.

But after a few minutes what a hubbub of joy filled the house! What running hither and thither! What exclamations of welcome! What hurrying hospitality! All the wonders of meeting-love, when the dead is alive again, and the lost is found! As quickly as the first excitement was over the captain asked to see

Mr. Errington. Paul ran upstairs to bring him down. He had already guessed what had happened, and he stood with eager face, listening to the strange voices, when Paul entered, and, with an utter abandonment of Dutch reserve, flung his arms round his friend's neck, crying, "Come! Come! Come to my father!"

There was, however, no necessity for Mr. Errington to "come." Captain Jan had closely followed Paul, and he stood within his deliverer's room. The two men met with clasping hands. They looked at each other until their eyes filled, and the captain said solemnly:

"Like an angel from heaven you have been to me! All my life long I will love you!"

"It was God himself who thought of you, Captain," answered Mr. Errington. "I was only a messenger. But I thank God that he trusted and honored me so far."

"I have now a duty to do, and I wish, then, that you would come with me," said the captain; and the three men went downstairs together. And I am sure every boy and girl reading this story may guess what Captain Jan had to do, and would lose all interest in him if he lost any time in performing it. But, indeed, his heart was full of joy in the duty before him.

The Captain went into Madam's parlor, and in a voice full of happy impatience sent Paul to summon Pop and Bosnay and Sibbey and Jane; and as soon as he saw their black faces beaming a thousand "welcomes home" to him, his own face grew very sad and full of wistful pity. But there was something wonderful, more than human, in the jubilant voice with which he cried:

"Friends, from this moment you are all free, every one of you—free as a bird in the air! I will not own a slave another moment. I will not have a slave in my home. Do you understand me? You are all as free as I am! As free as the Governor! As free as the President! As free as my own dear wife and children! To-morrow I will have the papers recording your freedom made out, and I will give to each of you two hundred dollars. I would gladly make it a thousand, if I had the

means to do so. To these promises my son Paul and Mr. Errington are witness."

Then he shook hands with each, and they went out of the room, dumb with their amazing joy, yet scarcely able to comprehend at once that their bonds had been broken asunder, and that they might *do* what they wished, and *say* what they wished, and *go* where they wished, being as they had never before been—free as the bird in the air!

Then Paul went with the glad tidings to his grandmother and uncle. But the news had by this time spread like wild-fire through the city. There was soon a great crowd before the door of the Van Clyffes' house, and the captain had to go out and show himself alive, and be cheered and congratulated by thousands. For all day long, and far into the night, these impromptu public receptions continued. Paul was also called for, and the father and son standing together were a miraculous story, full of the noblest emotions that touch the human heart. Many parents wept, and almost envied the man whose son had dared the tyrant even in his palace for his father's life and liberty. And if the public respected the privacy of madam and her little daughter, not one soul forgot that they, in their silent work and patient waiting, had borne the hardest share in the heroic story.

In the midst of one of these popular exhibitions of sympathy the captain's old mother was recognized. She was trembling with joy and excitement, though leaning upon Paul. Strong arms carried her to meet her son; and when the two met, a great shout of fellow-feeling filled the street. For in those days life was not so rapid, and men and women had time to "rejoice with those who do rejoice"; and really, children, if you will believe me, it is one of the grandest things humanity can do. Nothing opens the door of the soul so wide for heavenly influences, because it includes a total forgetfulness of self.

Then Uncle Jacob and Gertrude and Alida came, and, at the captain's eager request, Mr. Errington canceled his engagement for that night, and spent it with the happy, reunited family. Indeed, the whole atmosphere was so thrilled and permeated with rapture and thanks-

giving, no one would willingly have left it. For in this commonplace house there was that night the very air of heaven—an influence so noble and unselfish that they might hardly hope to experience its like again.

In the evening they listened to the captain's sorrowful tale, and to Paul's description of his interview with the Dey. Then for the first time all became aware of the fact that Paul had brought back very nearly all the money he had taken away.

"But you must not give the credit of its preservation to me," said Paul. "It was our consul that saved it. I should have offered all I had; but he said to me: 'The jewels will be irresistible to Yusef. If you offer him any sum of money he will suspect that you have more, and every added thousand will increase both his cupidity and your difficulties. But if he believes that these pearls and gems are all you possess, he will not risk the losing of them; he cares nothing for human life—a man or two more or less he will not count against that string of pearls.' And thus it proved. So then, after all, it was *you*, mother, who sent the ransom for our father."

However, every one had for the time risen above the power of gold. Even Jan's mother hardly seemed to care that her ten thousand dollars were safe in the Bank of England. She sat next to her recovered son; she drew his poor head, burned and bleached white, down to her aged breast. But her heart was as young and tender as in the days she had hushed him to sleep there; and she forgot all else and thought only of her boy—of the dreadful "far country" from which he had returned to her love; of the happy fact that he had been dead, and was alive again; that he had been lost, and was found.

These were the blessed words that Jan constantly repeated, that his mother echoed, that lingered in the heart of every one that heard them: *Lost, but found!* "God saw me," said Jan, reverently. "He saw me, a sailor, loving the great sea which he made, a free citizen of the wide ocean, breathing gladly the wildest and coldest of his winds that blew—he saw me in that white, blinding, burning desert, over the lime-kilns; and he remembered me,

and sent his messenger,"—and here he went across the room to Mr. Errington and took his hands and raised them to his lips,—“and my boy Paul came for me. I was lost, and am found!”

That night Catharine went to her room weary beyond words with love and joy. She had felt until she could feel no longer. She was too tired to uncoil her hair, too tired to undress, too tired to think; she did not remember when, nor how, she put her aching head upon the pillow. Her father's words filled all the consciousness left her. They echoed in her soul; they stirred half-remembered things in her mind and memory. They must have lingered in her ear recesses, for when the first glimmer of understanding returned to her in the morning the bells were chiming seven, and she could not help repeating after them: "*Lost, and found, Katryntje! Lost, and found!*"

No event in life is without its consequences, and the return of Captain Van Clyffe had a very important influence on the life of his daughter. For he was a man of known skill and energy in all nautical matters, and from every side a ready and practical sympathy flowed to him. In five weeks he left New York in command of the "Retribution," a fine privateer; and in three months he had sent back two prizes, which the firm of Jeremiah Cruger & Co. handled with remarkable success, both for Captain Jan and themselves.

Paul brought back one of these prizes, and showed himself, on a rather perilous voyage, to be worthy of the trust reposed in his skill and judgment.

During these first three months Catharine was not free from the obligations of the past sorrowful winter. She felt in honor bound to attend to her music pupils until their terms were fully completed, and also to finish, with even extra beauty and care, the embroidery which she had undertaken. In the latter work she was constantly assisted by Elsie's clever fingers; and so the time, with a positive hope to bless and brighten it, passed very pleasantly away.

Then, as Mr. Errington had gone to England on a visit, and it was very warm weather,

Catharine took a long, sweet rest with her mother. The house was now quite their own, the other lodgers having found quarters elsewhere. The newly freed slaves were working in various ways in their own homes, "for themselves," and two Irish girls supplied their places; so madam and Catharine found time to read, and to walk, and to visit their old friends together.

But as soon as autumn brought cool days Catharine began the completion of her interrupted education. The finest music and singing masters were obtained. An old French gentleman read and spoke French with her two hours daily; and, besides these things, she learned how to dance the stately minuet and the grave saraband; and her time was as fully occupied as if she had been at school.

Soon after the New Year Mr. Errington returned, and they were glad to see him again. His rooms, which the captain insisted should always be his, had been very still and lonely in his absence, and it was a real delight to hear him stepping about them to the music of his own singing, a real delight to see him going in and out, always so handsome and cheerful, always so exquisitely dressed, always with a pleasant word to them in passing.

One morning when Elsie, with her skates over her arm, came for Catharine for an hour's skating, he took a fancy to join them. Whether he was really ignorant of the art is doubtful, but the girls believed they taught him; and, at any rate, many a delightful hour followed this initiation, for no one could desire a more vivid, enchanting companion on the ice than was Elsie Evertsen. She would buckle the steels firmly to her feet, and then wheel and skate so that the evolutions of a swallow were not swifter or more graceful. One might indeed say that the ice was Elsie's native element. And with Mr. Errington there was always the "something more" that made pastime delightful. Thus, one day when they were quite wearied, and had sat down to rest and to watch the gay throng before them, he said:

"Elsie, Catharine—have you yet noticed what a very individual thing skating is? Really, you may read a man's or a woman's

character in their actions, if they are on the ice. Human nature upon a few inches of steel is bound to show its prominent traits."

"You are exactly right," answered Elsie. "It is a most delightful way of display. I am more particular about my skating-dresses than even about my dancing-dresses."

Errington smiled, and added: "I had a deeper thought than mere clothing, Elsie. Look at that jaunty girl, for instance; she will most likely go through life as she skims over the ice—with her nose in the air. And that solemn-looking man, who plods along and sees only his own reflection in the surface, will be very apt to plod along his rut of life unto the end. And, I will be bound, that stately girl in brown and red is a very just girl; see, she never gets in any one's way, and I am sure that she will be angry at any one who gets in her way. And there is a dreamy girl,"—pointing to one in a striped petticoat,— "a girl no more sure of her opinions than she is of her skates. But the man who is with her is a dauntless fellow; he will make a career out of the slightest materials."

"And that girl in orange, what of her?" asked Elsie.

"I dare say that she is both selfish and proud," answered Mr. Errington. "Notice how persistently she is the center of her circle."

Elsie clapped her hands. "So true! So true!" she cried. "It is Annetje Roe, and she is for nobody but Annetje. She wants the first and the most of everything. Proud! I should think so! Annetje believes herself to be everybody."

In this way he pointed out the trim, the affected, the timid, the careless; and Elsie listened, and made her little personal commentaries and applications; and Catharine listened, and watched, and partly understood something of the deeper meaning. But, with or without understanding, the mere physical exercise was a great pleasure to all. During the previous winter, skating, or indeed any amusement, had been impossible to Catharine; and when she thought of the difference between the two seasons her heart was full of a joyous gratitude.

As the spring opened Mr. Errington re-

turned the girls' kindness by offering to make them as clever horsewomen as they were skaters, and the offer was gladly accepted. Then what consultations there were about habits and hats, and the little embroidered habit-shirts that in those days gave such a neat, clean aspect to the riding-dress. Mr. Errington selected the horses, and the early lessons were given in a paddock belonging to the Evertsen mansion. But both Elsie and Catharine had a natural ease and fearlessness, and in a month they were quite able to take the famous "fourteen-mile round"; that is, up Broadway to Chambers Street, across to Chatham Row, then up the Bowery Lane till they could round the eastern slopes of Murray Hill, and so on to a point above the present Seventy-seventh Street, where they turned to the west, among the leafy hillsides now in Central Park, then southward on the Bloomingdale road, through a lovely region studded with fine country houses, all the way to Twenty-third Street, where the Bowery Lane was again chosen to reach Franklin Square and Broadway.

All summer these fourteen-mile canterings were continued, in the early morning or in the cool evening; and if to this pleasure be added the pleasures and duties already named, some idea of the happy life Catharine led at this time may be easily formed. Besides, there was a tolerable certainty of letters and visits from the captain and Paul, not very far apart; and when they did come, it was always with prizes; and thus, not only a good deal of money, but a good deal of *éclat*, was associated with their appearances. Upon the whole, then, at this period of her life Catharine was as happy a girl as health and beauty, and loving relatives and friends, and plenty of occupation, and plenty of amusement and money, could make her.

The following winter Grandmother Van Clyffe died. She had failed slowly but constantly after her son's return from captivity, and she went away at last as quietly as a child goes to sleep.

The reading of her will made some sensation. She divided her real estate equally between her sons and her grandson, and her savings

equally between her granddaughters Alida and Catharine. To Catharine she also bequeathed her pieces of rare Middleburg tapestry and her carved Nuremberg cabinets; to Alida she left also her jewelry and clothing; and to her daughter-in-law all her silver, linen, and damask. But to Gertrude she left nothing at all; and the girl, in spite of her frequent declarations that she did not expect anything, was absolutely shocked by the neglect; then she was angry, and said some very hard things, until her father stopped her with a stern wrath she had never before seen in him.

"Be afraid," he said, "to speak ill of the dead. Has not your speaking ill of the living brought you punishment enough?"

"My grandmother forgave me," answered Gertrude. "Why, then, did she punish me? She had no right."

"Every right had she. Forgiveness cannot do away with punishment. No, indeed! Wrong it would be to forgive if it could. See, now: I have told you not to ride the new horse because he is dangerous; but suppose that you did ride him, and that he threw you, and your arm was broken; well, then, I might forgive you with all my heart, I might be so sorry for you, but the suffering, you would have to bear that. No help for it. That is nature's way—and your grandmother was just and right in making you suffer. I myself told her so."

A few days afterward Alida and Catharine asked him to permit them to share their grandmother's gifts equally with Gertrude; but he was still more averse to this.

"What is it you ask?" he said. "Now that your grandmother cannot speak for herself, will you disobey her? You will make of no value her wishes. Speak not another word on this subject."

And Gertrude had the wisdom of the inevitable. She accepted what she could not alter. Yet, oh, with what bitterness of self-reproach she remembered that morning when she had permitted her tongue to say words that had cost her so much. "Counting the cost" of sins and follies is always a hard sum in arithmetic.



"FREEDOM! FREEDOM, FATHER! YOU ARE FREE!" CRIED PAUL."

Now, if I was going to write the whole life of Catharine Van Clyffe, I should have to begin a glorious story of retribution; to tell how, in one way or another, the American people were so roused and incensed by the Barbary pirates that they sent out a fleet the next year to punish them; how Captain Van Clyffe and Paul went with this fleet; how young Stephen Decatur burned the "Philadelphia"; how four hundred American officers and seamen were released from the Dey's dungeons and from slavery, with cannon-balls; and, still later, how Captain Van Clyffe and Paul went again to Algiers, this time in command of a man-of-war, one of the American fleet that, in conjunction with the English fleet and the Dutch fleet, fought a series of the most terrible naval battles in history—battles which, however, knocked the Dey's forts and palace about his head, destroyed his power forever, and set free without a cent of ransom over twelve hundred Christian slaves.

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But glorious as this tale is, it does not concern the girlhood of Catharine, and her womanhood is a story by itself, a story yet unwritten, a story never quite separated from the influence and charm of the bells. She traveled far and wide, but they traveled with her. Nor must you think her experience unheard of. Dr. Hall heard Trinity Bells far in the arctic snows. Alexander Kinglake, in the middle of the eternal sadness and immense abandonment of the desert, was awakened from a sleep on his camel's back by a peal of church bells, his native bells. In vain he plunged his face into the hot, dazzling daylight; for full ten minutes they continued "properly, steadily, merrily, ringing for church." Napoleon, at Malmaison, trembled to hear the bells of Brienne; and almost any old sailor can tell how, under vertical suns in mid-ocean, thousands of miles from land, he has thrilled with wonder to hear his own village chimes.

We will not seek after the philosophy of

these strange things. It is enough here to know that Catharine's best life history set itself to the charming octave of Trinity Bells. They heralded her wedding-day with the jubilant notes of "Hail, smiling morn!" and when the last scene in her life came they were not silent.

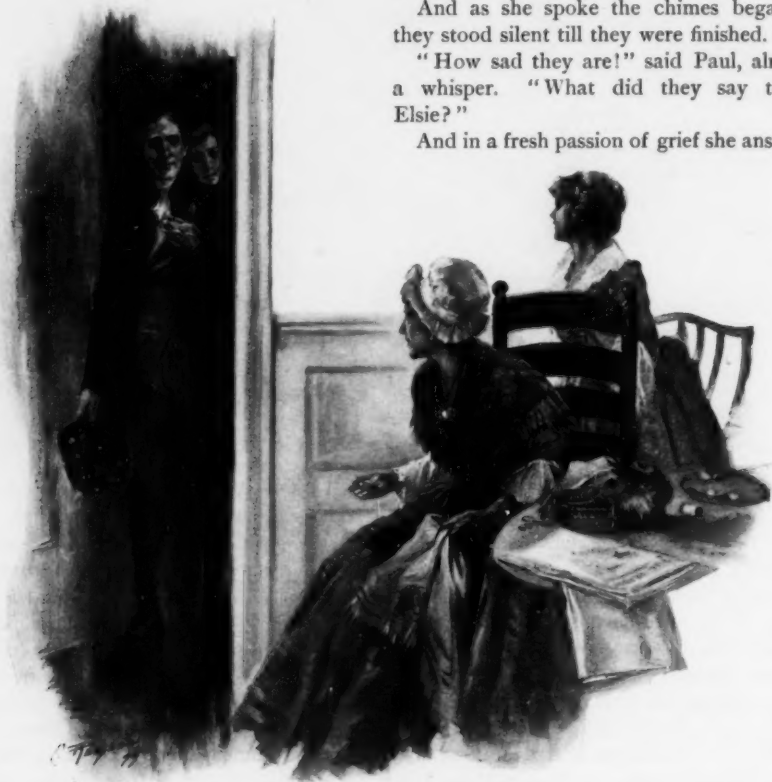
It was on a lovely day in November just

through the open doors of the church the music of the organ was faintly audible. Both Errington and Paul were old and feeble, and dry-eyed in their great sorrow; but Elsie's grief had her old passionate abandon. She was shrunken and withered and white-haired; but she wrung her hands in childlike distress and moaned: "Oh, our dear Delight! What shall we do without you?"

And as she spoke the chimes began, and they stood silent till they were finished.

"How sad they are!" said Paul, almost in a whisper. "What did they say to you, Elsie?"

And in a fresh passion of grief she answered:



THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN JAN AND PAUL.

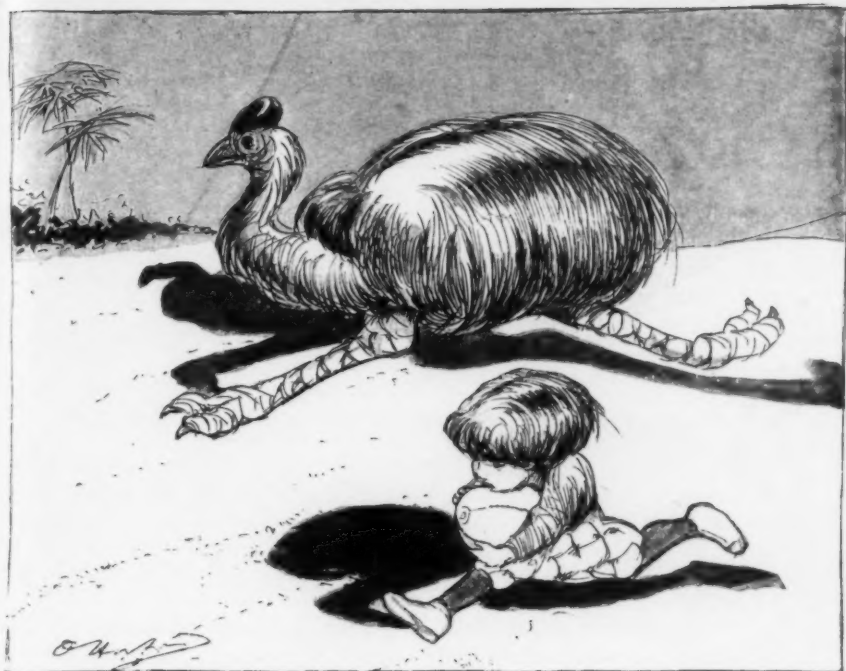
fifty years ago—one of those days which are after-thoughts of summer. John Errington, Paul, and Elsie stood by her grave, under the shadow of Trinity. The stir of Broadway seemed only a murmur in the silent yard, and

"*Fare thee well, Katryntje! Fare thee well!*"

But John Errington said softly: "I heard them differently, Elsie. To me they said:

"*All is well, Katryntje! All is well!*"

THE END.



DOES N'T HE?

JOHN PLAYS FOOTBALL, AND SISTER MARY
SAYS THAT HE LOOKS LIKE A CASSOWARY!

THE YOUNGEST SON.

(A Reflection by One of His Brothers.)

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

Now, when it comes to gettin' what other folks can't get,
An' when it comes to doin' what other folks ain't let,
An' takin' turns the longest, by rubbin' of your eyes,
An' scoopin' all the pennies an' all the saucer-pies,
An' seein' some one bigger get licked for what you 've did—
A feller can't help wishin' he was the littlest kid!

But when you think of taggin', an' findin' folks has run,
An' bein' told it 's bedtime, no matter what 's the fun,
An' takin' mumps an' measles, an' wearin' girls's clothes,
An' never goin' nowhere excep' when mother goes,
An' learnin' all the lessons of what us boys is rid—
Then 's when a chap 's as willin' he ain't the littlest kid!

A SONG FOR AUTUMN

SING good-by to all the flowers of the happy summer hours
When the leaves are brown and red upon the tree;
'T is the autumn song of sorrow, for the winter 's here to-morrow,
And the swallow 's left the lea.
For the dew is on the meadow, and the morning 's gray,
sing hey!
And it 's hey for a windy October day!

And the poplar-boughs drop gold, as a story slowly told,
And the maple rustles crimson in the sun;
And the silver willows shiver in the breeze that 's on the river
And the happy summer 's done!
For the rain has swept the meadow, and the morning 's gray,
sing hey!
And it 's hey for a windy October day!

Eric Parker.

THE TEARS OF PRINCESS PRUNELLA.

BY EVELYN SHARP,

Author of "Wymps," "All the Way to Fairyland," etc.

THERE is no doubt that the Princess Prunella would have been the most charming little girl on either side of the sun, if she had not been so exceedingly cross and discontented. She was as pretty as any one could wish to see, and as accomplished as all the gifts of fairyland could make her; and she had every bit of happiness that the love of her parents and the wit of her fairy godmother could put in her way. And yet, she grumbled and grumbled and grumbled!

"Can you not try to be happy just for five minutes?" asked the Queen, in despair.

"How can you expect me to be happy, even for five minutes, when every five minutes is exactly like the last five minutes?" sighed the little Princess.

"It is tea-time, your Highness," said the head nurse, coaxingly, "and there are pink sugar-cakes for tea!"

"There were pink sugar-cakes yesterday," pouted the Princess. "There are always pink sugar-cakes, unless there are white sugar-cakes, and I am equally tired of them both. Can you not tell me something new?"

"Let her go without her tea," said the King, who was rather tired of having such a cross little daughter.

But the Queen only smiled.

"The child needs a change," she remarked. "It must be very dull to play alone all day."

"Dull!" exclaimed the King. "Why should it be dull? Has not her godmother given her such wonderful toys that they can play with her as well as be played with?" This was quite true, for the very ball that the Princess threw to the other end of the nursery could catch itself and throw itself back to her; and it is not every ball that can do that. "What more can the child want?" demanded the King, crossly.

The Queen, however, thought there might be

something more. "We must find her a play-fellow," she said wisely.

"Stuff and nonsense!" protested the King. "Why should we bring any more crying children into the palace? However—you must do as you like, I suppose."

The King always told the Queen to do as she liked when he was tired of the conversation; so the Queen smiled again, and issued a proclamation at once to tell the whole world that the Princess Prunella wanted some one to play with, and would be ready to choose a playfellow that day week, at twelve o'clock noon precisely. Now, it is not often that one gets a chance of playing with a King's daughter, so it is no wonder that when the Princess followed her royal parents into the great hall, on the appointed day, she found it filled from end to end with all the little princes and princesses, and all the little counts and countesses, and all the little dukes and duchesses, that the surrounding kingdoms could produce.

"I never had a more excellent idea," said the Queen, as she seated herself on the throne and looked down at the crowd of children. "Prunella has talked of nothing else for a whole week, and she has not been heard to grumble once!"

"That's all very well," observed the King, a little uneasily; "but it is quite clear that she cannot play with them all, and who knows that so much disappointment will not lead to a war?"

The Queen did not answer, but turned to her little daughter, who stood by her side. "Do not be in a hurry," she said to her. "So many faces are confusing at first, and you might regret it afterward if you made a mistake."

But Princess Prunella showed no signs of being in a hurry. She just glanced over the sea of faces that were turned toward her, and then looked speechlessly at her mother. The



"CAN YOU NOT TRY TO BE HAPPY JUST FOR FIVE MINUTES?" ASKED THE QUEEN, IN DESPAIR."

smiles had all gone from her face, and the big blue eyes were filled with tears.

"Why, they are all exactly alike!" she said piteously. "I cannot tell one from another." And, to the astonishment of every one in the room, she dropped down on the steps of the throne and began to cry.

"Dear, dear! What is to be done?" exclaimed the Queen, in much alarm. "It will look so very bad if all the children have to be sent home again!"

"It will certainly lead to a war," was all the King said; and then they both looked helplessly at their sobbing little daughter. As for all the children, they were so surprised at hearing how much alike they were that they said nothing at all; and it is difficult to say what would have been the end of the matter, if the Princess had not suddenly jumped to her feet again and pointed toward the door.

"There is the Prince I should like to play with!" she exclaimed. "*He* is not like the others; he has a wonderful look on his face."

Everybody looked round at the doorway; and, sure enough, there stood a boy whom no one had noticed. "Come here, Prince,"

the Princess commanded, raising her voice; "you may kiss my hand if you like."

But the boy drew back with a bewildered air, and shook his head. Princess Prunella stamped her foot angrily.

"How dare you hesitate when I tell you to come here?" she cried. At this the strange boy turned and hastened from the room; and a murmur of astonishment rose from the children.

The King's daughter had never been disobeyed in her life before, and for a moment she was too astonished to speak.

"Who is he? What is his name?" she demanded at last.

There was a pause, broken presently by the shrill voice of one of the pages. "Please, your Highness, it is only Deaf Robert, the minstrel's son," he said.

"Deaf!" repeated the Princess. "What is that?"

"It means that he cannot hear anything, little daughter," explained the Queen; "so, you see, he would not do for a playfellow at all. Besides, he is not even a prince. Can you not choose one of these others instead?"

The Princess, however, could do nothing of

the kind. "All these are alike," she said again, "but the minstrel's son has a wonderful look on his face, and I will have no other playfellow."

So all the children went sadly back to their homes and wondered why they were so much alike; and the whole court was made uncomfortable once more by the sulkiness of Princess Prunella.

"Your Highness's best wax doll has not been out for two whole days," suggested the head nurse.

The Princess snatched the doll from her hands and threw it on the floor.

"If you will not let me play with a boy who is deaf, how can you expect me to play with a *doll*?" she asked. And although, no doubt, there was much in what she said, it was hardly the way in which to speak to the head nurse. Indeed, there would have been a serious disturbance in the royal nursery the very next minute, if the Princess's cream-colored pony had not suddenly trotted round from the stable of its own accord and put it into her head to go for a ride.

Now, the Princess's pony was of course a fairy pony; so when he ran away with her in the forest, that day, it was not to be supposed that he would run away with her for nothing. He took her, in fact, for a real fairy ride, all through a fairy forest, that began by being quite a baby forest, and then grew and grew, the deeper she went into it, until it ended in being quite a grown-up forest. And the pony never stopped running away until he reached a dear little gray house, that was set in the brightest of flower-gardens; and there, at last, he came to a standstill.

The Princess slipped off his back and pushed open the little gate and walked into the flower-garden. Any one else might have been surprised to find Deaf Robert sitting there, in the middle of the trim green lawn, but after a fairy ride one is never surprised; so the Princess's heart just gave one big jump for joy, and she ran straight up to him and took his hand.

"Poor deaf boy, poor deaf boy!" she said softly. Certainly she was not behaving like a king's daughter, for she ought to have been extremely angry with him for disobeying her in the morning, instead of which she was as full of

pity for him as any ordinary little girl might have been. But then, as he could not hear what she said to him, what was the use of remembering she was a princess?

"Poor deaf boy," she repeated, bending over him, "no wonder you look so unhappy!"

It was the first time in her life that she had forgotten she was a princess, and she was quite surprised at the gentleness of her own voice. She was still more surprised when the deaf boy rose, bowed very low and answered her.

"I was only unhappy, Princess, because I could not hear what you said to me this morning," he explained.

"Oh!" cried the Princess. "You *can* hear me now?"

"Ah, yes," said Deaf Robert; "I can hear you now, because you speak so kindly. It is only when people are angry and speak roughly that I cannot hear them. That is why they say I am deaf."

"Have you always been deaf?" asked the Princess, wondering.

"Ever since the wylms came to my christening," answered the minstrel's son. "For when they asked my father what gift he would choose for me, he chose that I should be deaf to every sound that was not beautiful."

"So that is why you have such a wonderful look on your face," said Princess Prunella. "I wish the wylms went to every christening."

Deaf Robert shook his head. "If they had not come to mine," he remarked, "I should have been able to hear you this morning."

"Never mind," said the Princess. "Come back to the palace with me now; I will never speak crossly to you again, and then you will always be able to hear what I say."

"No, no," answered Robert, shrinking back. "I cannot come to the town; it is so silent there, it frightens me."

"Silent?" echoed the Princess. "Surely, it is the forest that is silent!"

"Oh, no," said the minstrel's son, smiling; "the forest is full of sound. Can you not hear them all talking—the bees and the flowers and the great pine-trees?"

Princess Prunella listened. "No," she said; shaking her head, "I can hear nothing." Then she took the deaf boy's hands and pulled him



"'COME HERE, PRINCE,' THE PRINCESS COMMANDED. 'YOU MAY KISS MY HAND IF YOU LIKE.'"

toward the gate. "Come back to the town with me," she said eagerly. "It is true that you cannot hear the other people's voices; but you will always be able to hear *me*, and that is ever so much more important!"

So the minstrel's son went back to the palace with Princess Prunella; and when the King and Queen saw how happy their little daughter was at last, they said nothing more about Deaf Robert not being a prince, but got over the

difficulty by making him a marquis on the spot, and giving him the appointment of Playfellow-in-chief to her Royal Highness. A magnificent banquet was given to celebrate this important event, at which several speeches were made by the King, and several tunes were played by the band; but as the speeches were exceedingly pompous and the tunes were exceedingly noisy, the new Marquis, for whom they were intended, heard neither one nor the other. However, he heard every word that the little Princess whispered in his ear, and perhaps that was all that he wished to hear.

Never had life passed so peacefully at the palace as in the days that followed. The Princess was never heard to utter an angry word, and she went about with a contented look on her face that cheered the hearts of all who knew her. But all this while no one

thought of the minstrel's son, or inquired whether he was pleased with the new arrangement.

Now, anybody might suppose that a minstrel's son who suddenly found himself made into a Marquis and Playfellow-in-chief to a Princess would be the happiest boy in the world. And yet, although he grew fonder every day of his little playfellow, Deaf Robert was the saddest person in the whole court. He grew more and more silent as the days

went on, until at last even the Princess noticed that he was changed.

"The wonderful look has gone from your face," she said to him. "Can it be that you do not feel happy at court?"

Then the boy Marquis told her the truth. "It is because I cannot hear the sounds of the town," he said. "Will not your father live in the forest so we can play there together, instead of in this horrible, silent place?"

"But I do not wish to go and play in the forest," objected the Princess. "There are no people in the forest; and I should forget that I was a person myself if I had nothing to talk to but the flowers and the trees."

For the first time since they had played together, Deaf Robert remembered that he was nearly two years older than the little Princess, and he smiled in a superior manner. "That is only because you hear all the wrong things," he said. "If you could once hear the sounds of the forest, you would never want to come back to the town."

The Princess turned red with anger, and she opened her mouth to give the minstrel's son a thorough good scolding. But, before she had spoken one of the bitter words, she remembered in time that he would not be able to hear her,

so she sighed impatiently, and answered him as softly as she could.

"You are quite mistaken," she said, putting her chin in the air. "If you were a real boy you would understand." And with that she turned and left him. It was annoying not to be able to lose her temper whenever she chose; but there was nothing to prevent her from remembering that she was a princess.

That afternoon the Princess pricked her finger, and the minstrel's son found out that what she had said was quite true, and he was not a real boy at all. For, of course, the Princess did what any other little girl of twelve years old might have done, and burst into tears; while the minstrel's son, who was quite unable to hear her sobs, only stared at her solemnly, and wondered why her pretty round face had suddenly twisted itself into such a strange expression.

"What are you doing, Prunella?" he asked her gravely.

"Doing!" wept the Princess. "Why, I am crying, of course! That is what you would be doing if you had pricked your finger as badly as I have." She held out her small white finger as she spoke; but the minstrel's son only stared at her as solemnly as before.



"HE WENT ON TURNING SOMERSAULTS UNTIL HE TURNED INTO NOTHING AT ALL." (SEE PAGE 995.)

"Crying? What is that?" he asked. "And why should you do anything so useless? Surely it would be better to fetch a doctor, or a piece of sticking-plaster."

When the Princess found she could not even cry with any pleasure, she felt it was more than any little girl of twelve years old could be expected to bear.

"It is n't sticking-plaster that I want," she said miserably. "When people cry they want to be comforted, of course."

"Do they?" said Deaf Robert, looking perplexed. "But if I cannot hear you cry, how am I to comfort you?"

The Princess managed to remember that it was no use letting her crossness appear in her voice. "That's just it," she sobbed. "You ought to be able to hear me cry, and then you would be a real boy!"

And the Princess pitied herself so much for being forced to play with some one who was not real that she buried her face in her hands and wept more than ever; and when she at last took her hands from her eyes, her playfellow was gone.

Truly the forest had never looked so beautiful as on that day, when the minstrel's son hastened through it on his way to his old home. The boy with the wonderful look on his face, who had lived there so long, never paused so much as to look at the wood-folk; and they only had time to notice, as he passed, that the wonderful look was no longer there. On he hurried until he came to the little gray house, set in its garden of bright-colored flowers; and he opened the gate and walked in, just as his Princess had done six weeks before.

The minstrel was at home this time, and he was sitting on the door-step in the sunshine. He had just composed a new song, and that always made him extremely happy. But he sighed a little when he saw his son come in at the gate; for he, too, had no difficulty in seeing that the wonderful look was gone.

"What is the matter, my son?" he asked anxiously.

Deaf Robert wasted no time in greeting him. "Father," he cried, "why did you ask the wylms to my christening?"

"That is easily answered," said the minstrel,

soothingly. "It was because I wished you to hear nothing but beautiful sounds all the days of your life."

"But what sounds do you call beautiful?" demanded his son.

The minstrel smiled. "Can you not hear my music?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," said Deaf Robert. "But what else?"

It had never struck the minstrel that there need be anything else, and he hesitated a little. "Well," he said at last, "can you not hear the sounds of the forest?"

Deaf Robert looked up at the pine-trees overhead, and down to the flowers at his feet. "I used to hear them," he said sadly; "but even the forest has grown silent now." Then he clenched his fists and looked imploringly at his father. "Must I live to the end of my days without hearing any of the things that other boys hear?" he cried.

"You are a little unreasonable, my son," said the minstrel. "Are not the beautiful sounds of life enough for you?"

"Enough?" said Deaf Robert. "I want much, much more than that, father. Why, I want to hear the Princess cry!"

"That is nonsense!" exclaimed the minstrel. "Crying makes a most unpleasant sound, and you would be extremely disappointed if you were to hear the Princess cry."

The minstrel's son drew himself up proudly. "You do not understand; you are not real, either," he said. "The crying of *my* Princess makes the sweetest sound in the world, and I am not going to rest until I learn how to hear it." Then he turned and walked through the gate and out into the forest once more.

The minstrel looked after him and sighed.

The minstrel's son wandered aimlessly through the forest—the forest that he had once liked so well because it was all his, and that he liked now only because he had found his little Princess in it; and there he might have been wandering still, if he had not suddenly met a wylm. This was not really surprising in that particular forest, for it was just the kind of forest in which any boy of fourteen might at any minute meet a wylm; but for all that, Deaf Robert was just a little bit startled,

when the wymp suddenly dropped in his path from the tree above and nodded at him.

"Hullo!" said the wymp. "What is the matter with you?"

"I am very unhappy, because I am not a real boy," explained Deaf Robert.

"Dear me! How is that?" asked the wymp, pretending to be surprised.

"Well, *you* ought to know," answered deaf Robert. "It is all because the wymps came to my christening!"

"Nothing of the sort!" cried the wymp, indignantly. "It is all because your father insisted on knowing better than we did, and we let him have his own way. If the wymps had not been at your christening, you would not even *wish* to be a real boy. So you cannot hear the Princess cry, eh? That's a good wympish joke, that is!" And the wymp stood on his head and choked with laughter.

"It is all very well for you to laugh," complained the minstrel's son. "You don't know how unpleasant it is to be a boy without being a real boy!"

The wymp came down on his toes again and stopped laughing. "Then why don't you go and learn to be a real boy?" he asked.

"How can I find out the way?" asked Deaf Robert.

"You ridiculous boy!" exclaimed the wymp, much surprised. "Why, the first person you meet will be able to tell you that!"

Deaf Robert had no time to thank him for his information, for the wymp began turning somersaults the moment he had finished speaking, and he went on turning them until he turned into nothing at all and there was no more wymp to be seen. Then the minstrel's son walked on; and for three days and three nights he met no one at all; but on the morning of the fourth day he came to the very edge of the forest, and there he saw an old woman sitting by the side of a blackberry-bush.

"Hurrah!" cried Deaf Robert, waving his cap. "Do you know that you are the first person I have met, and that you are going to tell me how to become a real boy?"

"I will tell you at once," said the old woman, smiling, "for you come straight to the point and do not beat about the bush. This is

what you must do, then: something brave and something kind and something foolish and something wise. If you are not a real boy after that, it will be your own fault!" Then she walked round the blackberry-bush and disappeared; and although Deaf Robert forgot what she had just said about him, and beat about that blackberry-bush in good earnest, he never saw any more of her.

Then the minstrel's son walked straight on, in search of a brave deed to do; and this did not take him long, for there are always plenty of brave deeds waiting to be done by some one. So, long before the sun was above his head that day, he came to a castle where a beautiful princess was being kept captive by a cruel old giant, all because he was cruel and for no other reason at all. And when Deaf Robert saw the Princess weeping behind the bars of her prison window, he was reminded of his own little Princess whom he had left weeping on the nursery floor, and that made him call on the giant instantly to come out and be killed. The giant laughed a great laugh, and came out into the courtyard, not to be killed, but to kill the minstrel's son; but before he had time to do that, the minstrel's son managed to kill *him*, and there was an end of the cruel old giant.

"That is the bravest deed I have ever seen done!" cried the Princess, when he fetched her out of her dungeon.

"Brave deeds are easily done, then," said Deaf Robert; but he was glad enough, all the same, to hear that he had done the first part of his task. The next thing he did was to take the beautiful Princess back to her own country; and that seemed to him a great waste of time, for he could not certainly do his kind deed so long as he had the Princess on his hands. But when they reached her country, and the Princess told her father how Deaf Robert had come out of his way to bring her home, the old King was pleased, and asked him what reward he would like for his trouble. "For," he said, "you have done the kindest deed any one could possibly think of!"

"No reward for me!" laughed Deaf Robert; "for there is my kind deed done without my knowing it!"

And off he set once more on his travels.

After that the minstrel's son wandered about for a great many days; for neither a wise nor a foolish deed could he find to do. Sometimes, when he thought he had been wise, the people told him he was cruel, and drove him out of their country; and sometimes, when he was sure he had been foolish, they warmly praised him for his kindness. He grew tired and footsore, and his clothes became old and ragged, and he almost forgot that he had once been a marquis and playfellow-in-chief to a princess. But he never forgot how the little Princess Prunella had looked as she sat on the nursery floor and wept with sobs that he was not able to hear.

So two years passed away, and still Deaf Robert, the minstrel's son, had not learned how to be a real boy.

One day, as he walked along a country road, he met a girl driving cows.

"Why are you looking so sad?" she asked him.

"Because I left my Princess crying in her nursery two years ago, and I have kept away from her ever since," answered the boy, simply.

The girl burst out laughing. "Well," she exclaimed, "that was a foolish thing to do."

"Foolish?" shouted Deaf Robert. "Did you say foolish?"

"To be sure I did," laughed the girl. "Could anything be more foolish than to keep away for two years from some one whom you want to be with?"

"Then I will go back to her this very instant," declared the minstrel's son.

"And that would be the wisest thing you could do," answered the girl; and she imme-

diately disappeared, cows and all, which just shows that she must have been a wymph all the while!

"Well," said Deaf Robert, "there are my



"HE SAW AN OLD WOMAN SITTING BY THE SIDE OF A BLACKBERRY-BUSH."

wise and my foolish deeds done together, and now I am a real boy."

Then off he set homeward as fast as he could go; and although it had taken him two years to come away from home, it took him only two hours to get back again, so it is clear that the wymphs must have had a hand in that, too. And just about tea-time he stood outside the nursery door in the palace of his own little Princess.

It is as well to remember that the wymphs had come to the christening of the minstrel's son; otherwise it might seem a little wonderful that the Princess Prunella should have pricked her finger again, on the very day that her Playfellow-in-chief came back to her. Anyhow, that is what had happened; and as the minstrel's son stood outside the door and listened, he heard the softest and the sweetest and the prettiest sound he had ever heard.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "At last I can hear the Princess cry!" And he burst open the

door, and ran into the room, all in his rags and his tatters, and knelt down to comfort the King's daughter.

"Only look at my finger," wept Princess Prunella, as she showed him her little hand.

Truly it was impossible to tell which of her small white fingers the Princess had pricked; but as the minstrel's son kissed every one of them in turn, it is clear that he must have healed the right one; and that, of course, was why the Princess stopped crying at once.

Then she looked at her old playfellow, and laughed for joy to see him there again. "The

wonderful look has come back into your face," she said; "but it is ever so much more wonderful than before!"

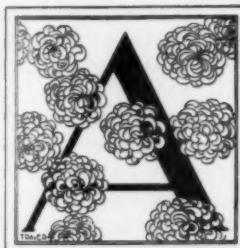
"Dear little playfellow," whispered the minstrel's son, "I can hear the forest sounds again, too; but you were right all the time, and the sounds of the town are much more charming than the sounds of the forest."

"Oh, no," declared the Princess. "There you are quite mistaken, for the sounds of the forest are more beautiful by far."

And it is a fact that they have been discussing the point ever since.

HOW B COMPANY BROKE THE STRIKE.

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.



LONG the road, at the double, swung the first platoon of B Company. Little spurts of dust arose from beneath their pounding feet and settled on the blue uniforms. Ahead of them was the creek,

wide and shallow. Beyond the stream, the ground sloped gradually up to the bluff on which stood the long row of small frame houses in which the quarrymen dwelt. Upon a mound, midway between the stream and the bluff, a red flag fluttered from its staff.

Around the flag stood a crowd of rough men, foreigners by their swarthy faces and strange speech. At one side of the crowd, somewhat aloof, stood a group of American working-men.

As the little column neared the creek the taunts were redoubled; stones and sticks and clods of earth were thrown. The shallow water of the stream splashed into yellow foam as the running feet dashed through it.

"Left front into line!"

The rear fours swung out to the left, and the column whirled to platoon front. The men around the red flag drew together. Here and there in the crowd a knife glittered. The sticks and stones came thicker and faster. In the running line of blue a man threw out his hands; his legs crumbled beneath him, and he sank sidewise to the ground, his rifle pitching before him with a rattle of metal.

There was a steely flash in the summer sun; the long brown rifles swung from the right shoulders and snapped down to the charge; the line of blue propelled before it an ugly front of leveled bayonets.

The crowd grew silent, save for a low muttering. The glitter of the bayonets and the sweeping line of blue drew nearer swiftly. Eyes looked strangely white in the hot red faces, down which the perspiration streamed; lips were tensely shut, and nostrils wide with hurried breathing; hot hands strained on the gun-stocks, and the blue-clad shoulders swayed forward to meet the shock.

On the flanks of the crowd a movement became perceptible; men began to drop away by ones and twos, as a river-bank begins to go in flood-time, a pebble here, a bit of earth there,

until, with a frantic rush, a wild confusion, the mass of men broke and scattered, pushing, stumbling, running blindly, falling against each other in the struggling effort to avoid the unfaltering bayonets, which swept on and on, over the mound, on and on until the red flag of lawlessness was torn down.

Half an hour before the first platoon charged along the dusty road, a long train had pulled slowly into the little station of Maywood. From the first coaches tumbled two companies of infantry of the National Guard. Eager curiosity was in their faces as they fell quickly into ranks and looked at as much of the scene before them as their steadfast, forward gaze permitted.

Behind them was the little station and the railway, which swept in a huge curve through the gap in the hills to east and west. To the left of the waiting troops stood a row of gaunt frame buildings, plain, unsightly, strictly utilitarian. These were the storehouses of the great Maywood Stone Company, whose quarries scarred the hills to north and south of the railway. By the side of the stores ran a dusty road, dipping down to cross the little creek which wound its way through the valley, and then, crawling up a long slope, was lost in the hills beyond. On the slope stood rows of houses, one-storied, all of a pattern. On the level ground, between the railway and the stream, were other houses, similar to those on the slope, forming one long street. Up and down the line of the railway, flat-cars, empty, or laden with great blocks of stone, stood on spur-tracks and sidings.

To the right of the station stood the remains of a large building. The timbers of the frame were charred and black, and arose from heaps of ashes, with which were mingled tin cans, broken bottles, bits of iron, and all the dreary debris of a fire. This, too, had been one of the company's stores until it had gone up in smoke and flame, in the dark hours just after midnight, six weeks before—the work, so said the company, of the strikers.

For the quarrymen were on a strike. Not a chisel clinked, not a drill was handled, not a blast discharged, not a single cube of stone was being taken out, in all the works which were under the Maywood Company's control.

Three months the strike had been in progress, and things had gone from bad to worse. The company had proffered certain concessions, which the men, confident of victory in the first weeks of the strike, had refused. Angry at the rejection of its overtures, the company had then presented its final terms, and had waited for the men to grow fired of idleness and hunger, and to return to work. Thus far the waiting had been in vain, though suffering had come to the quarrymen and their families, greater among the American workmen and their families than among the foreigners who made up the majority of the company's employees—Poles, Hungarians, and Italians, all called "Huns" by the people of the valley.

With the suffering had come a reckless, lawless spirit among the men, and an effort by the company to fill their places with new laborers had brought the discontent and lawlessness to open outbreak, directed against the men who came to work in the quarries. In their rage against the company, the strikers had gone to such excess that the sheriff of the county had found himself unable to cope with them, and had called upon the Governor of the State for aid in preserving the peace.

This it was which had brought the troops to the scene; and this was the situation which confronted them as the two companies debarked from the train on that hot July morning. A few surly men had watched the young soldiers as they formed their ranks by the station; but the mass of the strikers hung back, and congregated about the mound on which floated the red flag. This red flag flaunting itself in his face had stirred the senior captain to wrath, and so it was that the first platoon of B Company had doubled down the road and across the creek to tear it from its place.

Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single bean;
Porky, porky, porky, without a strip of lean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee, the meanest ever seen!

Private Gowin sang this delectable little ditty to the notes of the bugle, as mess-call sounded at noon. It was the day after the troops had arrived at Maywood. The tents had been pitched on a piece of level ground at one end of the single street of the village. Sentinels paced slowly up and down their beats around

the camp and by the buildings of the stone company, and the soldiers had settled down into the quiet routine of camp life.

"T is a slander on the grub," said Murphy, the cook, as the private finished his singing and sat down at a long table of rough boards. "No soup an' no pork am I givin' ye, but a maynoo that would do credit to a hotel: fresh beef an' canned things till ye can't rest. 'T is too rich for the blood of a high private in the rear rank."

"Don't mind his kick, Timmy," said Corporal Wolfert. "He 's been sore ever since a woman up in town called him a 'dough-faced baby.'"

"She did n't hit me in the ear with a cabbage-stalk," retorted the private, with a grin.

"That was a token of affection," explained the corporal. "And the woman did n't throw it. It was a half-grown boy. I 'd give him some marks of my affection, if I could catch him!"

"The whole town 's down on us," said the first sergeant, from the other side of the table. "When I was bringing my squad here, this morning, we were called every name they could lay their tongues to. They must think we came here on purpose to abuse them. They might know I 'd rather be home; it 's money out of my pocket every day we stay here."

"Me too," said the corporal. "And you 'd better believe that it 's dirty. A man can't keep clean."

"Billy expects him to," grinned Gowin, thus disrespectfully alluding to the senior captain.

"Oh, Billy!" said the corporal. "Billy thinks we ought to be a clothing-store and a barber-shop all the time; and he 's got Summers, over there, to think just as he does."

"Don't tell your troubles to me," the first sergeant said cheerfully. "Go to Billy with your tale of woe. I 'm not going to be blamed because you lazy beggars won't shine up."

"Go to Billy!" echoed the private. "I think I see myself! Billy 'd have me carrying wood and water for Timmy, here, before I could explain the case to him."

"An' a good thing," the cook interposed, as he came up behind the speaker. "'T would

maybe give ye a better appreciation of the food ye get. Look at that, now! Here 's a rice-pudding with raisins in it, an' ye grumblin' at the dinner."

"Where 'd you get the raisins, Timmy?"

"Billy got 'em, that ye was bla'gyardin' a minute ago. He come up to me an' he says, 'Murphy,' says he, 'have ye any rice? If ye have, here 's some raisins I got up in town. Ye 'd better give the boys some puddin'."

"Hurrah for Billy!" said Gowin. "I 'll shine my shoes after dinner, in token of appreciation."

"Look at those kids watching us," the corporal said, pointing to where three children stood at the corner of a tent, shyly peeping at the novel sight of the soldiers at dinner.

"Hi! Johnny, come here," called the first sergeant.

The boy to whom he called made no response further than to put his thumb into his mouth, and hung his head, looking out through tangled masses of tow-colored hair; but one of his companions, a girl of ten, whose faded sunbonnet hung by its strings down her back, and whose bare toes dug into the dust, was bolder.

"His name ain't Johnny," she said; "it 's Willie."

"All right," the first sergeant said. "Come here, Willie. We won't hurt you; none of us bite. Come over here and talk to us."

The boys hung back; but the girl advanced, and seeing her, the other two took courage and followed, until they stood by the table.

"What 's your name?" the first sergeant asked.

"My name 's Susie Willis," the girl answered, looking up at the sergeant fearlessly; "and his name 's Willie Miller; and this is Tommy. That looks good," she added, pointing to the pudding, on which her eyes were fixed.

"Do you want some?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, sir; I 'd like some. We did n't have much for breakfast."

"What 'd you have?" asked Gowin.

"Just some bread and a piece of pork. We don't have much, 'cause dad ain't workin', and he ain't got no money to buy things."

"We had bread and some tea," Willie said. "Great Scott!" exclaimed Gowin. "Give 'em something to eat."

"Are you hungry, kids?" asked the first sergeant.

"I am," answered the girl; "and I guess Tommy is, too; he did n't have any more than I did. Are you hungry, Willie?"

"Yes; I just guess I am. It 's an awful long time since breakfast, and there ain't anything home for dinner, either; we had the last bread this morning."

"Hear that, now," said Murphy.

"Give 'em some soup," said the corporal. "That 's what they give people when they have n't had anything to eat."

"Oh, go long, corporal!" grinned Murphy. "What do ye know about childer? Soup be blowed! What they want is something solid in their little insides. Hand over them beans with the sauce on 'em, an' some of that beef; an' I 'll get a plate of hot pudding. That 's what they need. There ye are, kids; now pitch in."

"Give 'em some coffee," suggested Gowin.

"Some coffee?" echoed the first sergeant. "What are you talking about? Coffee for kids like these? Get 'em some milk. Timmy, have you got any milk?"

"Milk, is it? What would I be doin' with milk? Do ye think we 're runnin' a dairy? There 's no milk; the kids will have to do with plain water this day. They 're not thinkin' of drinkin', anyhow. Look at 'em eat."

The soldiers crowded around the table, watching their forlorn little guests as though they were rare and curious specimens, with many a comment on the state of affairs which left children to go hungry. The plates were filled as fast as they were emptied, until the three stopped eating, with long sighs of satisfaction; and then soft-hearted Murphy gave each of them a big sandwich, "to ate whin ye get hungry again, tin minutes from now," and the children, slipping down from the table, turned to go.

"Come back to-morrow," said the first sergeant; "there 'll be plenty for you to eat."

"Yes, Miss Willis," said the corporal, taking

off his cap and making a sweeping bow; "come back again, you and Mr. Miller and Master Thomas. Come, and bring your friends. Letting kids go hungry is where I draw the line," he continued, turning to the sergeant, as the children, shyly thanking them, slipped away toward the town. "If these men want to starve themselves, they may do it; but they 've got no right to make their children suffer."

"What are you going to do about it?" the sergeant asked. "Call a mass-meeting, and make a speech?"

"I 'm going to feed those kids if they come back again," answered the corporal. "We 've got more stuff than we can eat, and if we run short we can chip in and buy a little extra. I 'll be blamed if I can stand it to see kids hungry."

"Right you are," assented the sergeant. "Wonder if they 'll come back again?"

His question was answered the next day, when the boys of B saw the three children return, accompanied by two others, whom they brought up to the table as though sure of a welcome from the soldiers. And they were not disappointed; for the boys, making room for them at the table, hailed them with shouts and laughter. The senior captain, attracted by the shouting, walked down the company street to investigate; but when he saw the reason of it, he turned and went back to his tent with a kindly smile on his face.

Others than the captain heard the noise also, and looked to see what it meant. Two men, passing the camp, halted outside of the guard-line, and looked at the children sitting at the table. One of them started, and turned to his companion.

"That 's my Willie," he said, "with them soldiers that come here to help keep us down. He can just come away from there."

"Oh, let him alone," said the other, a brawny six-footer, whose open, pleasant face was now thin and lined with hunger and anxiety. "My kids are there, too; the poor things are hungry, I guess. There 's Tom Smith's kids, too. If the soldiers want to give 'em dinner, let 'em. It won't hurt us."

"I won't have *my* boy takin' charity from

them fellers that 's in the pay of the capitalists, Nat Willis. That 's what!"

"Oh, get out, Miller! Them boys is hired by the State. I ain't got anything ag'in' them. Anyway, what you got at home for your boy to eat? Nothin'. Might as well let him get a square meal when he gets a chance. Come on." The speaker took the other by the arm and pulled him away.

At the table the children were in high glee. They had eaten until they could eat no more;

while the other children wandered around, looking at the novel sights of the camp.

So it was, day after day. The children never failed to come to the camp for at least one meal each day—sometimes the three who had been the first guests of the company, and sometimes more, all of them being welcomed and fed, until they were thoroughly at home in the tented street, and on friendly terms with all the guardsmen. Following their children, the parents began to come about the camp,



"'COME BACK TO-MORROW,' SAID THE FIRST SERGEANT; 'THERE 'LL BE PLENTY FOR YOU TO EAT.'"

and now Private Gowin was performing marvelous juggling tricks with knives and forks and plates for their delectation, while the rest of the company stood around and jeeringly criticized his efforts, until he stopped his whirling and twirling, declaring that he would not perform before such a lot of ill-mannered "mud-crushers," as he called them.

Then the corporal arose and undertook to instruct little Willie in the manual of arms, in the center of a group of laughing infantrymen, who applauded the boy's efforts loudly,

although not at mess-times. Many of the American workmen proved to be intelligent men, and as they better understood the attitude of the soldiery, a kinder feeling sprang up between them, especially as they grew to recognize the fact that the guards had no personal feelings in the matter, but were simply obeying orders, and that they were glad to be on friendly terms with the strikers, and to do for them all that lay in their power, so long as it did not interfere with their duty as soldiers in keeping the peace.

In this change the Huns did not participate. They still scowled at the sentinels and hissed the soldiers whenever they met them.

women told where the long strike was most greatly felt. Every day, more and more hungry children shared B Company's mess, and the af-

fairs of the idle workmen were fast coming to the point of utter despair.

With the soldiers, guard duty grew monotonous, and the camp might have been simply a camp of instruction, so far as excitement was concerned. The colors floated in front of guard-headquarters; and on the staff where the red flag had flaunted in the breeze the Stars and Stripes were now flying bravely, placed there by the boys of the first platoon, who were envied by the whole command, since to them had fallen the only bit of stirring work during the tour of duty. Drills and parades were the order of the day, and every single man of the two companies grumbled loudly at the brushing, scouring, and polishing that were necessary to please the senior captain.

"It's an imposition, that's what it is!" growled Private Gowin, as the troops came in from a hot drill in extended order; and he ruefully regarded his rifle, which

was powdered thickly with the fine dust stirred up by the hundreds of running feet.

"How's a man going to keep his piece clean with this sort of thing going on?" he demanded, slowly pushing a wad of rag through the rifle-barrel. "It's a wonder old Billy does n't haul us up for inspection right now, and give us fits for having dirty pieces. It would just suit his taste to get a chance



"THE UNFALTERING BAYONETS SWEEPED ON AND ON UNTIL THE RED FLAG OF LAWLESSNESS WAS TORN DOWN."

Further they dared not go, for all had a wholesome fear of the rifles and bayonets.

Nothing occurred to bring on a collision between the guardsmen and the strikers. In the village the suffering grew greater daily. The workmen's little stores of money had been exhausted, and the merchants declined to give them further credit. Help from outside came in but slowly. The worn faces of the

of disciplining the whole crowd. Say! what's the matter up there?" And the speaker interrupted himself to point to some groups gathering about the mound on which the flagstaff stood.

"Blessed 'f I know. Some sort of a meeting, I suppose."

"A blind man could see that. What do you s'pose they 're holding a meeting for?"

"How do I know?" said Gowin. "Here comes Summers; I 'll ask him. What's going on, sergeant?" he asked, as the first sergeant came up.

"Trouble," said the first sergeant. "Going to be a train-load of new men here in half an hour, and the strikers will make a row."

"How do you know? Where 'd you hear it?"

"T is n't official, but the station-master just told old Billy that they were going to start from Barton this afternoon, and that 'll put 'em in here before long. Get your traps; we 're going to fall in, in a minute."

"Wow!" whooped Gowin. "Now we 'll show them it is n't cowardice that has kept us quiet!"

"Don't you think it," said Corporal Wolfert, hastily lacing up his leggings. "Those Dagos won't do anything as long as we 're around."

"B Company, fall in!"

The first sergeant's command checked Gowin's grumbling. The waiting men tumbled into ranks; the officers took their places; and the two companies swung out of camp, down to the station, where they formed in line and came to the rest, waiting the train.

Up on the slope the strikers were gathering. The Americans from down in the village were loitering about the mound, waiting for the arrival of the Huns, who presently came straggling down from their settlement on the hill in a disorderly crowd. Their faces were angry. To one another they talked excitedly, and gesticulated furiously. As they neared the mound they drew nearer together, while the Americans also gathered by themselves.

One of the leaders of the crowd, stepping half-way up the mound, began to speak to his countrymen in their own tongue. As he spoke he pointed to the line of soldiery below them, and a chorus of howls answered his gesture. Suddenly a swarthy, evil-faced man

pointed to the American flag on the mound, and leaving the mass of his countrymen, ran up to where it fluttered from its staff.

He grasped the halyards to haul it down, when there came a rush up the mound from the other side, and the next instant the Hun was knocked flat by a stalwart quarryman.

Scrambling to his feet, he made a motion as if to draw a knife, and rushed at his assailant. The quarryman, dodging the blow aimed at him, struck again. This time the other lay where he fell.

"You can't draw a knife on me, you lazy scamp," said Nat Willis, whose six feet of bone and muscle stood by the flagstaff.

There was an ugly growl from the Huns; but none of them advanced to meet Willis, who looked ready and willing to have one or all of them come on, and whose companions were drawing closer, as if to his support.

"Don't stand there lookin' at me," he said. "There can't any of you men touch this flag. I 'm goin' to say a word right here. I 'm an American citizen, and my father was shot at Missionary Ridge carryin' this flag, and whoever puts a hand on it gets hurt!"

"That 's right!"

"Give it to 'em straight, Nat!"

The Americans moved up closer to the speaker, and scowled at the Huns.

"And there 's more I 'm goin' to say. I 'm tired of this thing. I was n't overly in favor of this here strike when you Dagos started it, and I 've been gettin' tired and tired ever since. I don't hold with burnin' down houses, nor stonin' men that ain't hurtin' you. And there 's another thing," he said, turning to the Americans. "Those fellows down there," and he pointed to the soldiers, "has treated us white ever since they got here."

"That 's what they have," called a voice in the crowd.

"Yes, sir! They been square with us. And, what 's more, they been feedin' our kids. You know that, Tom Smith, and so do you, Ben Miller, and so do a dozen more of you. And this is what I say: I 'm goin' to work just as soon as the comp'ny wants me to, new men or not. When it gits so that the boys that come here to keep us from doin' damage has to feed



"THERE CAN'T ANY OF YOU MEN TOUCH THIS FLAG!" SAID WILLIS.

The first one of you that puts a hand on it will get hurt—*bad!* You hear *me!*"

Leaving the mound, the Americans marched down the slope in a body, while the Huns, looking blacker than ever, sullenly withdrew to their houses on the hill.

Down by the station, the troops had been eager spectators of what was going on up the hill. They could not hear what was said, but they had cheered when Willis knocked down the man who would have lowered the flag, for the meaning of that action had not been hard to read. Now they awaited his approach with eager curiosity.

As the workmen neared the troops, the senior captain stepped forward.

"What was the trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, nothin' much," answered Willis. "One of those chaps got too smart in the meetin', and we had a few words."

"What did the meeting decide on, if I may ask?" said the captain, smiling at Willis's description of a "few words." "Is there anything new in the strike?"

"The strike," said Willis, "is bu'sted."

our kids, it strikes me that it 's about time we turned in and worked for something to feed 'em with ourselves. Ain't that right? I know it is, and you know it, too; and this meetin' might as well adjourn right here. All in favor say 'Ay.'"

There was a shout of "Ay!" from the Americans.

"And I want you Dagos to understand," said Willis, "that this here flag is goin' to stay!

A KING.

BY ELLA MATTHEWS BANGS.

WE talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle, and brave, and so

Was n't he greater than all the rest?
'T was Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When, "No," came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then with a start,
"He was n't a king—*outside*," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."



THE men who tootle in the Band,
They look so big, and fierce, and grand,
That no one dares cry, "*Too much noise!*"
As people do to tootling boys.

Abbie Farwell Brown.

The Story of Eleven Cities

𐤀 𐤍 𐤓 𐤕 𐤕 𐤁 𐤏

A—mur—ru—u

"Land of the Amorites"

written with cuneiform letters

𐤀 𐤍 𐤓 𐤕 𐤕 𐤁 𐤏

A—ma—u—ro

"Land of the Amorites."

written with hieroglyphics.



An Amorite
taken prisoner

BY EMMA J. ARNOLD.

DO you like to dig in the dirt? I am sure you do. And I don't blame you. Is n't it delightful to have a big pile of sand, a spade, and a wooden pail or wheelbarrow, with plenty of time, and permission to dig as much as you choose? Is n't it fun to build mud forts for your toy cannon and lead soldiers? And some of you, I am sure, like to dig just for the pleasure of throwing the earth about.

Now, suppose that when you were digging a hole in the ground you expected to find something at the bottom of that hole. And suppose, when you had dug down a few feet and found something, you were sure there was yet another something for you to find still farther down. Don't you think it would be a great deal nicer to dig up dirt where you expected to find something than where you did not?

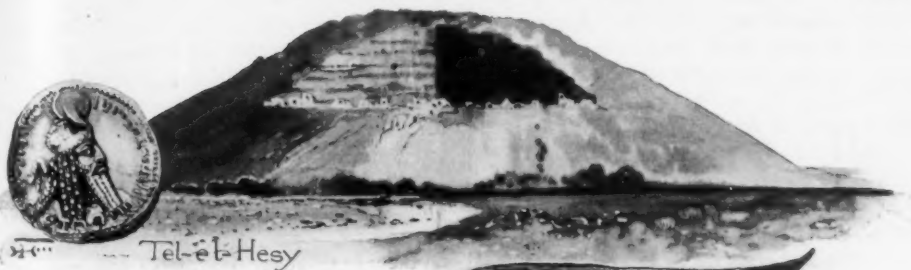
Now, there are grown-up men who have spent nearly all their lives digging holes in the ground, or else superintending others who dig for them. They are not digging for gold or silver; they are not mining for coal; neither are they making trenches for gas-pipes, or sewers, or water-mains. What do you suppose they are after? They are digging up *history*! That is a queer thing to say, and perhaps you don't believe me; but I can prove it to you.

You know what history is? It is a story—the story of what men were, and what they did and suffered, all through the many hundreds and thousands of years since men first lived upon the earth. Now, some part of this history

has been written down in books, and we can read it in many languages. The French have their histories; we Americans have ours; the English, the Germans, the Swedes, the Italians, in short, all civilized nations, have whole libraries of books just to tell the story of what their ancestors, and the ancestors of other people, were doing, all through the past. The Greeks and Romans wrote history, too; and the books of the Old Testament contain the ancient history of the Jewish nation.

Now, the further we go back into the past, the less number of history-books do we find. For many reasons. One is that the people who lived in those ancient days spent so much time fighting, that they had little opportunity left to write about it. And besides, I don't suppose it even entered the heads of most of them that there was anything but fighting which it was worth while to do or to write about. They had no idea that anybody would ever have the curiosity to know how they built their cities, how the people in them looked, and what they wore, whether they could read and write, whether they worshiped one god or a great many, in what manner they buried their dead, and if they went to war armed with swords and shields of metal, or fought with only stone axes and flint-tipped arrows.

Now, the science which tells all about this and many other things in regard to ancient nations is called *archæology*, and it is by the aid of archæology that we are able to find out much of the story of the years which passed away before people thought of writing history-books. Archæologists band themselves together into societies, and raise money to send out men to excavate, that is, dig up, the ruins of the



cities and cemeteries of these ancient nations, and look for what they can find in them. In this manner, a bit here and a bit there, they are piecing together the history of the far-away past. It is very interesting work, and now you and I are going to accompany an excavator. We are going to dig up eleven ancient cities, look at each one, and see how much buried history we can find. These eleven cities are not in eleven different places; they are all on *one spot!* How do you suppose that can be?

Did it ever occur to you to think that wherever people live together in cities, the ground of these cities gradually rises? It may be only a tiny bit each year, but it is all the time becoming higher. In cities which are built of stone or burnt brick, this increase in height is very, very slow—perhaps not more than a foot or two in hundreds of years. But there are countries, especially in Asia, where the people, when they wish to build a house, take the clay right out of the ground under their feet, mix it with a little chopped straw, and fashion it into bricks, which they dry in the sun. Of these bricks they build their dwellings.

Now, you can imagine that houses of this kind are not very durable. In dry weather they crumble; and in countries where it rains, so much of the mud is little by little washed away that finally the family has to move out.

What does the owner of this house do? Do you suppose that he tries to repair it? Oh, no! He just takes a spade, knocks it down, smooths it over, and commences again. He builds his new house on *top* of the old one!

And this is what his son does, after him, and his son's son, and so on. Each one builds on top of the ruins of houses which were built before his time. So in this way cities of mud-brick grow gradually higher and higher, until the last city

Bronze knife



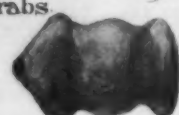
Wooden seal.

Needles of
Bronze wire.

Egyptian



Scarabs

Child's earthenware
rattle.

Potsherds

Battle-axe
& spear head.
(Bronze)

DRAWN FROM ILLUSTRATIONS IN SLISS'S "A MOUND OF MANY CITIES,"
BY KIND PERMISSION OF MACMILLAN & CO.

stands perched on a lofty mound, many feet above the level where the first town was built. And now you have found out how there can be eleven cities all on one spot. Each rests on the remains of the one built before it.

The mound in which we are going to dig ceased to have any city upon it more than four hundred years before Jesus Christ was born. That would be about two thousand three hundred years ago. It was deserted, and as the years went on, the mud-bricks of the last city slowly crumbled away and mingled with the soil from which they had been formed; the rain and the wind smoothed over the top of the mound, and people forgot that there had ever been a city upon it, until at last nobody dreamed that deep down under the soil lay hidden the ruined houses of generations of men who had lived and died so many, many years before. So they turned the hill into a field, plowed it, and sowed it with grain.

This went on for centuries, till nine years ago, in 1890, an archæological society called the Palestine Exploration Fund obtained leave from the Sultan of Turkey to dig up some of the mounds of Palestine. They engaged an American gentleman named Bliss to superintend the excavations. Now, three years before, in 1887, there had been found, far away from Palestine, in the land of Egypt, a number of very ancient letters, written on tablets of baked clay. These letters told of an old city of Pales-

"Tel el Hesi." If you have a good map of Palestine you can find Tel el Hesi. It is not so very many miles southwest of Jerusalem.

Now we will imagine that you and I have each a magic cap, like the one in the German story of Peter Schlemihl, which all boys and girls in Germany know so well. When Peter put on this cap it made him invisible. We will put our caps on, and go along with Mr. Bliss all the way to Tel el Hesi. He will never suspect that we are at his side or looking over his shoulder. And this is what we shall see when we arrive at our journey's end.

All around, a plain of waving green grass, dotted with beautiful scarlet flowers; hardly a tree is in sight. When we walk to the top of the mound, we look over the edge of a precipice, down one hundred and twenty feet, to the bed of the Hesi River. A faint blue line, far away in the eastern sky, marks the outline of the Judean hills, in the region where Jesus was born, almost two thousand years after the people were dead who built the lowest of the eleven cities lying buried under our feet. The side of the bluff where it descends to the river is a tangle of weeds and rubbish; the top is covered with a crop of beans.

Now suppose we go back about four thousand years. How would our mound look then? Only *half* as high. Its history was only just commencing. A little city was perched on its top, surrounded by a great wall sixteen feet



THE "POSTAL CARD" OF BAKED CLAY. TWO VIEWS.

tine named Lachish. This same city is spoken of in the Bible. But the puzzle was where to find it, for nobody knew where to look. No such city was known. It had vanished!

At last the archæological society decided that Mr. Bliss should dig up a mound called

thick. I am positive that the people who lived in this city (which we will call City 1) would have laughed at anybody if he had said that four thousand years afterward a man, a woman, and a boy or girl would be standing right over their homes, sixty feet above them. We will



"Sennacherib, King of Assyria, the King of Assyria sat on an upright throne, and the spoil of the city of Lachish passed before him."

DRAWN FROM THE ILLUSTRATION IN "HISTORY OF ART IN CHALDEA," BY KIND PERMISSION OF A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON.

imagine that this sixty feet of ruined houses and rubbish is cleared off, just as it was when Mr. Bliss's men finished digging. The lowest city is uncovered, and we can go directly down to its level.

Now, when we find the ruined walls of this city I think we have a clue to a little bit of its history. I believe that these people (who are called Amorites in the Bible) built this strong wall to protect themselves against the armies of Egypt. The Egyptians were a mighty nation even six thousand years ago. Now a certain king, Tehuti-mes III., ruled for fifty-three years over the land of Egypt, and led his victorious armies to war in fifteen campaigns. Ten times he went through the country where our history-mound is, conquering the people and making them pay him tribute. Tel el Hesi, or Lachish (as the Bible calls it), was right in his path, and I have no doubt he besieged and took the very city at the ruined walls of which we are now looking.

And the people fled from their little houses, and took refuge in the great citadel, the ruins

of which are on the eastern edge of our wall, overlooking the river.

But all in vain; they had to surrender, and when the king returned to Egypt, he carried with him the spoils from Lachish and the countries around about — "vases of gold and silver, rich articles in bronze, furniture carved out of ebony and cedar-wood and inlaid with ivory and precious stones, olive-oil, corn, wine, and honey," and last, but not least, long trains of prisoners of war, whom he set to work in the mines, or else in building the enormous temples which all Egyptian kings liked to raise. All these things you could read about, even now, if you understood the hieroglyphic language of Egypt; for King Tehuti-mes caused the story of his campaigns to be carved on the solid rock of the walls of the Great Temple of Karnak, and there it is, even to this day. If you should go to Egypt, you could see the mummy, that is, the actual body, of this great king. It is in the Gizeh Museum. He was a little man, but a mighty warrior.

King Tehuti-mes besieged and took our city

long years before Moses was born, or the children of Israel reached Palestine after their forty years' journey through the desert. When we get up to our fifth city we shall find a date from which we can reckon back. It is this date which will make us pretty sure that we are right when we say that King Tehuti-mes III. was the Pharaoh who made war in Palestine at the time our mound began to have a history.

But we must not expect to dig up a quantity of such things as King Tehuti-mes carried home to Egypt among the "dead bones" of our ancient city. When three or four thousand years have passed away, things have had plenty of time to go to "wreck and ruin." The most we can hope to find will be a few weapons of war, a few tools, and the broken fragments of dishes. In fact, our mound is full, from top to bottom, with pieces of ancient earthenware, the remains of dishes, jars, vases, and lamps. Archaeologists call these fragments "potsherds," and by examining them carefully, they are often enabled to fix the date of a city. As we go up from city to city we find the people learning to make better and better earthenware. They are marching along the road to civilization.

Cities 1, 2, and 3 went to war with bronze weapons. They had not learned how to work iron, so they took copper, mixed it with tin, and made bronze. There are no tin-mines anywhere near Palestine. They must have gone all the way to Cornwall, on the coast of England, for their tin. Or perhaps it was brought to them by the ships of other nations through the Mediterranean Sea, or by caravans across Europe. What a long, tedious journey this tin must have made, for there were no steamboats or locomotives in those ancient days! These Amorites, then, had commerce with distant nations. That is another point in their history, and we have learned it from the pieces of their bronze weapons.

Now we are going to make our most important and interesting "find" in the fifth city from the bottom. Nothing more nor less than an ancient *postal card*! It has been through no post-office, and no postman delivered it; but we have received it, all the same. It has been thirty-three hundred years on the way!

Suleiman, the digger, as he brushes the dirt

from it, cries: "It is a *saboony*!"—that is, "a bit of soap."

"No," says Mr. Bliss; "that is not soap; there is writing upon it."

But I don't believe you would guess it was writing unless you were told. You would say: "It is covered with *scratches*."

But every one of these scratches means something. It *is* writing—the writing of a people who lived in Asia, and who wrote in this way at least six or seven thousand years ago. Many people think they learned to write even before the ancient Egyptians did. However this may be, I think that you will agree with me that this writing is not nearly so picturesque and pretty to look at as the hieroglyphic writing of Egypt. It is called the "cuneiform," or "wedge-shaped," system of writing, and was used by the ancient Chaldeans and Assyrians who lived on the Euphrates River. Many of their history-mounds have been dug up, and whole libraries of books found, written in this manner on tablets of baked clay.

Now I have called our clay tablet a "postal card" because it was never inclosed in an envelope. It is dark coffee-color, and about two and a half inches long and two inches wide. Both sides are covered with writing. While the clay was soft the letters were punched on it by some blunt-pointed instrument, then the tablet was put into a kiln and baked. This baking made it very hard and prevented it from crumbling away.

And so we have found it, and as we read the strange writing, we learn that it was sent to a person named "Zimrida." This Zimrida wrote one of those other cuneiform letters on clay which I told you were found in 1887. He was governor of Lachish during the reign of an Egyptian Pharaoh who ruled about thirty-three hundred and fifty years ago. And now you will understand how we have found out the name of City 5, and can tell about when it was built.

Some centuries pass away, then the Amorites are driven out of their city. Across the river Jordan, into Palestine, come the children of Israel, led by Joshua, their great general. They march through the country, besieging the cities, and capturing or destroying their inhab-

itants. In the Old Testament Book of Joshua (x. 31, 32) you can read about it:

And Joshua passed from Libnah, and all Israel with him, unto Lachish, and encamped against it, and fought against it:

And the Lord delivered Lachish into the hand of Israel, which took it on the second day, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and all the souls that were therein.

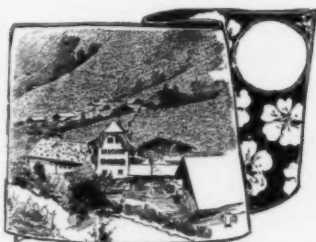
Now, we shall not find anything in our mound which tells about this. We must trust to the Bible story, and believe that all our cities from this time up to the top of the mound were built by the Israelites. We do not know

much about these cities; but we do know that Sennacherib, the great Assyrian king, who ruled about seven hundred years before Christ, came to Lachish and conquered it, as you will see by the picture. One of the cities near the top was destroyed by fire. Perhaps it was the very one which Sennacherib besieged.

And so we have reached our journey's end. Mr. Bliss and you and I have traveled by a "late train." We started at the bottom of our mound, and it has taken nearly four thousand years to reach the top. Never mind; if you like this sort of traveling, we shall surely some day take another journey together.

MY LITTLE GUIDE.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.



ON that August day, if the sun was unclouded in Washington, Paris, or Berlin, it was doubtless very warm;

but at Chamonix, among the French Alps, although the sun was doing its best to melt the mountains of snow and vast gorges of ice, the air was as cool and bracing as spring.

Through a large telescope in the garden of my hotel I took a morning peep at Mont Blanc. I saw a party of tourists, not visible to the naked eye, like a row of ants, slowly making their way up toward the observatory over a trackless field of ice.

This gave me a desire for mountain-climbing, so I set out in the opposite direction for a walk up the Montanvert to the famous Mer de Glace. A hotel-boy, who had been showing me how to keep the telescope turning on its tripod so as to keep the Mont Blanc climbers in view, told me how to get out of

the village to the road leading to the "Sea of Ice."

"Monsieur," he said, "must cross the Arve, which is the gray stream flowing from the glaciers, turn to the right at the English chapel,—the one with the bell,—and take the first road leading upward."

He looked me over critically, and then added that I might reach the ice in two hours on foot. I need not start with a guide, he assured me, for the road was direct, and guides were cheaper on the mountain; but never in the life must monsieur go unattended on the ice, for it was very dangerous.

I cannot tell you how placidly beautiful the village looked from the mountain road as it lay below in its bed of green against the vast whiteness of the Glacier des Bossons and at the foot of the cloud-like Mont Blanc. Some English and American tourists passed me on mules led by guides on foot. They spoke labored French to the guides in the smooth places, but when the little mules bent themselves round sharp boulders on the verge of steep cliffs, they cried out in plain English, and clung to their saddles.

Higher up, where the air was more rarefied

and cool from blowing across the Sea of Ice, not half a mile distant, but still hidden behind the trees and giant rocks, I came to a small roadside cottage. Madame, the neat housewife, sat in the doorway knitting, and she got up to ask for my patronage. She had for sale souvenirs made from the horns of goats, paper-knives, drinking-cups, and fancy articles made out of carved wood.

"Will you drink anything, monsieur?" she asked.

Thirsty and very tired, I sat down under the little shed on the opposite side of the road, at a long table that had benches on each side, and drank a pitcher of fresh, delicious goat's milk, which had been standing in a pool of clear water from the peaks of ice above.

Madame conversed cheerfully meantime.

Monsieur would need a guide; there was no doubt about that, for monsieur did not look like a fool. Lately two men had gone alone on the ice. They had fallen in one of

the crevices, and had never come back! Monsieur should pity her, also. Her husband had always been a trusty guide, and had lost his life to save an American lady on Mont Blanc. Monsieur, too, was an American—any one could see that. She had a son; he was her mainstay. Henri was young, it was true; but then, he was as strong as a mule. He knew the best routes across the ice, and his rates were lower than those of the older guides.

She called him from the hut. I no sooner saw the manly little mountaineer, with his sturdy frame, rich, wavy hair, and deep-blue eyes, than I wanted to engage him. Madame said four francs would be a mere trifle for the rest of the day. I determined that it should be five, at least; for he had been at school at Chamonix, and his English was better than my French. A dollar would be cheap for the services of such a guide. So together we started for the Sea of Ice.

Henri would show monsieur a route across the ice which was not often taken by tourists, where the ice was cracked in deep crevices and stood in high peaks and steep cliffs. Truly it was picturesque. It was, to be sure, more dangerous, but monsieur need only be very careful and follow him.

I consented readily. We passed a cluster of tourists on the shore of the icy sea, and went higher up the mountain. On the way we met a woman who had for sale coarse stockings and steel-pointed staffs.

Henri told me that I would need a staff to steady me, and as I had no nails in the soles of my boots, as he had in his, I must draw stockings on over them to make them cling to the ice. So I bought these articles, and at the edge of the ice I put on my stockings.



"AT TIMES MY HEAD SWAM A LITTLE."

Near the edge the way was not very rough, but we soon found ourselves in the midst of such peaks and cliffs of ice that often we could see nothing beyond them but the sky above us.

Henri was always ahead of me, moving with such confidence and yet caution that I had little fear of accident, though at times my head swam a little as we were obliged to ascend some abrupt wall or to round a peak on a narrow ledge that seemed cut in the ice.

It was now midday, and the sun was shining full upon us from a cloudless sky; but the breezes from the reaches of gashed and broken ice were so sharp that, had it not been for our thick coats and constant motion, we should have suffered from cold.

"Have people lost their lives here?" I asked.

"Yes, and lately," Henri replied. "One who was not cautious, and another who foolishly drank too much liquor. They fell into the deepest chasm, which is just ahead of us. It is the most dangerous point; but there is a ladder there now."

Indeed, when we reached it, I did not doubt that it was the most dangerous point, and if it had not been necessary to cross there to continue our journey toward the famous Mauvais Pas, I think I should have gone no farther.

The crevice seemed about fifteen feet from brink to brink. The opposite side rose abruptly about ten feet higher than the side we were on. The ladder stood in holes cut in the ice at our feet, and leaned flatly against the white cliff opposite.

Below I could see the beautiful blue coloring of the frozen mass, with now and then a narrow ledge projecting from the walls. I heard the crash of pieces of ice falling from place to place, and occasionally an ominous creaking, such as a great ship makes in a stormy sea.

"Please listen to me, sir," said Henri, politely but impressively, as he laid hold of the ladder with both hands. "It is quite easy, but you must be very careful."

There was no need to caution me. I saw that I should have to keep my wits about me if I accomplished the feat, for it made my

head swim to see the boy lean over the chasm.

Henri went up easily, and in a moment stood upon the ice about three feet above the end of the ladder, smiling an invitation to me to follow.

"Come along, sir," he said. "Truly it is very easy."

It was really simple enough, and if I had handed him the staff before I started, this story would not have been told. Unfortunately, I held the staff in my right hand, and clasped both the staff and the side of the ladder at once, as Henri had done. All would have gone well, but just as I was in the middle of the ladder, and was raising my foot from one rung to another, the steel point of the staff, having become turned toward the center of the ladder, caught in the knee of my trousers, and being thus thrust upward, and having considerable leverage, it wrenched my hand from its hold.

This threw me suddenly on my left side. I tried to recover my balance by catching the side of the ladder again; but when I had done so, my weight, being all on the left, caused the ladder to turn over, and I found myself hanging down, my back to the cliff. For a moment I scarcely dared draw my breath. I heard Henri cry out in horror, and then he was speechless. Even yet there seemed to be a chance of escape from death if the ladder would only hold firm in its new position. But, to my utter despair, the lower end began to sink into the ice. I heard the ledge on which it rested begin to crack. Splinters and chips of ice sprang out and fell into the yawning chasm. Then the upper end of the ladder began slowly sliding to the left.

I heard Henri's awful cry of terror, and saw him fall on the ice above.

The sliding wood made a rasping sound like the runners of a sleigh over hard snow. It stopped in a tiny fissure for an instant, but it started on again, and as it descended it moved more rapidly.

Henri cried out again and muttered something as he reached for the ladder with his hand; but it was too far away. I thought of trying to touch the wall with my feet; but the

slightest movement on my part would only have quickened the motion of the ladder.

A thousand thoughts went through my brain, and of them all the most prominent was the desire to tell Henri my name and native place, so that my friends in America might know how and when I died. I think I should have tried to do so, but I remembered even at that instant that I had been compelled by the authorities to inscribe those particulars in the register of my hotel at Chamonix.

Henri's eyes were glaring down on me. I shall never forget his face. There was a sudden jolt. The ice broke at the foot of the ladder, and some fine pieces slid, rattled, and bounded from ledge to ledge down into the chasm. I looked again at Henri. He had covered his face with his hands.

I closed my eyes. Only one side of the ladder was now against the cliff. I was half turned again, my right side was drawn down till my hand was pressed against my chest. Down I went. The air whizzed in my ears. I clutched the ladder as drowning men clutch whatever they grasp.

I had fallen about forty feet when I was brought to a stop so suddenly that my arms were almost torn from my body. The ends of the ladder had caught between two opposite ledges of ice. There was a crash. The lad-

der had caught for an instant, and then had broken in the middle.

Down I plunged again; but my fall was broken, and I was thrown on to a ledge against the wall. My resting-place was little wider than my body, and I lay upon it lengthwise.

For a moment my breath was gone, and during the half-unconscious throes of recovering it I writhed like a dying animal, drew my feet under me, and came so near rolling off that when I fully came to my senses the sharp edge of the ice was cutting into my side, and one arm and a leg were hanging over the chasm.

I moved back to the wall, and for a time knew nothing. Presently, however, I heard Henri calling down to me, and saw his face above the dazzling reflection of sunlight on the wall. How white the boy looked! I tried to call to him. My voice seemed to ring hollowly between the walls, and to come back to me; but he had heard, for an answer came.

"Hold on! hold on tight!" he cried. "Monsieur. must not stir for his life! Do

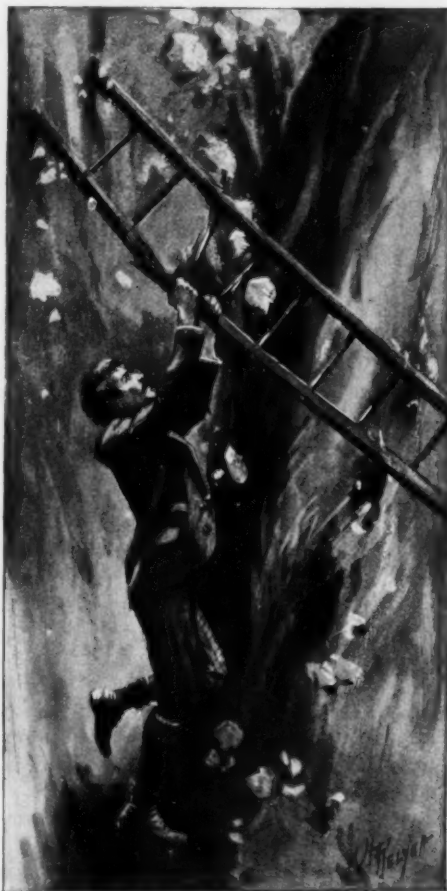
you think that there are any bones broken? Is monsieur hurt?"

"No," I answered.

"Not a bit?" he said incredulously.

"Not a bit," I echoed.

"Lie still," he shouted. "I go for a rope and men to help; but it is a long way, now



"THERE WAS A CRASH. THE LADDER HAD BROKEN IN THE MIDDLE."

that the ladder has fallen, and it may require much of time—perhaps an hour. Does monsieur think he can?"

"Oh, I am all right!" I laughed to assure him. "The ledge is firm."

"But it is not that," he said. "It is colder there than here—very cold. Monsieur has no chance for exercise of the body. Monsieur might freeze. There is no sunlight down there, and the cold wind sucks strongly through the ice."

He was right. I could feel it brushing the powdered ice over me like falling snow, and hear the roaring sound as it came up from below; but I laughed at his fears, though I ached in my shoulders and arms, and felt a sharp pain in the back part of my head where it had struck a prong of ice.

I heard him call out warningly again, and then noticed that he was gone. I was in no fear of danger, for I thought I could lie there in comparative comfort for hours.

I looked at my watch; it was five minutes past one. I closed my eyes and held the watch open in my hand. I calculated that fifteen minutes had passed. I looked at the dial again! It was eight minutes past one. Only three minutes! Henri had said I might have to wait an hour. At that rate an hour would seem eternity.

Was it the unpleasant thought that made me shudder, or was it cold? Ten minutes

passed as I watched the hands of the time-piece. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five. The air from the chasm seemed more cutting, and its roar had turned to dismal moans like wind under the eaves of a house. To escape it I moved closer to the icy wall, only to feel my side, like my back, begin to congeal.

The spot of sunlight above seemed to mock me with its placid smile; the very sky beyond seemed cold. There was no doubt about it: I was freezing. Another five minutes and my teeth were chattering. My backbone seemed to have turned to ice.

A sudden spasm of fear passed over me. Could the boy have been right? Was there really danger of my freezing to death? Freezing in August, not three miles from where I had seen peasants sweltering in the fields!

I tried cautiously to sit erect; but my clothing was frozen to the ice, and I was afraid to tear it loose, so slight was my hold on the sloping ledge. I managed to free my left leg, but it felt like lead, and seemed paralyzed.

In sheer desperation, I turned slightly in my coat; but I felt colder than ever. I looked at my hands; they were purple and lifeless. For a long time I suffered intense pain, and then I began to feel warm and sleepy. Oh, it seemed so delightful! Strange that I should have forgotten that symptom of approaching death by cold! Where my aches had been were now only vague, pleasurable sensations.



"IN A MOMENT THERE WAS SOME ONE ON THE LEDGE BESIDE ME, AND I HEARD HENRI'S VOICE IN MY EARS."

I think I fell asleep. Was it a dream, or was it really the face of my guide in the glare above? His voice sounded like a sharp, persistent command:

"Monsieur must awake! Awake! Awake! Awake! One has gone for the rope. It will be well if he finds it at the first house; if not he must go farther. I have returned to rouse monsieur. He must not sleep!"

All this meant little to me. I did not want to be disturbed. Indeed it irritated me a little. I think I said nothing, but tried to signal him with my hand to let me alone—at least, till the man returned.

But Henri continued to cry out, and, as he told me afterward, he tried to drop small pieces of ice into my face, but the unevenness of the wall prevented their striking me.

"Awake! Awake! It is the death! It is the death! Awake!"

Then my sleep became too deep for me to understand his warnings. It was often disturbed vaguely by his voice, however, and I either saw his face or dreamed that I saw it. Once I heard him say plainly:

"Ah, he comes! He brings the rope! He will soon be here. But if monsieur sleeps he cannot fasten the rope about him."

I made an effort to rouse myself; but the

idea and my resolution were gone in a moment, and my sleep was deeper than ever. Ten minutes later the loop of a coarse hemp rope was lashing me in the face as it swung back and forth between the walls. I heard Henri crying down to me to catch it; but I was possessed by a desire to fight it away with my hands, which lay helpless on my breast.

Was I dreaming, or was a sturdy form swinging between me and the light above? In a moment there was some one on the ledge beside me, and I heard Henri's voice in my ears. I was raised to a sitting posture and my clothing torn from the ice. I felt the rope tighten under my arms, and heard Henri calling to some one above. I felt my body swing out into space, then knew nothing till I came to myself as I lay on the ice in the warm sunshine. I inhaled the aroma of brandy, felt it stinging in my throat, and was conscious of two pairs of hands vigorously rubbing my limbs.

The first words I recognized were those of my little rescuer:

"Thank God, he lives, and I have not his death on my hands and head!"

That night I slept in the cottage of Henri's mother, and the next day, after a talk with my little guide, was able to return to Chamonix.



THE STORY OF BETTY.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

[This story was begun in the January number.]

CHAPTER XIX.

A DAWNING HOPE.

THE autumn had passed and winter had fairly set in, when one morning, as Betty was toasting her feet at the library fire, Polly came trotting in with her hands behind her.

"I dot somefin' for oo," she said. "Pete b'inged it."

"What is it?" said Betty, smiling lovingly at her little sister.

"Dess," answered Polly, demurely.

"Well, I guess it's a letter," said Betty, for this performance was gone through nearly every morning.

"It is, it is," cried Polly, capering with glee; and she gave Betty the letter and then waited for the kiss which was always her fee on such occasions.

But Betty had caught sight of a foreign stamp and an Australian postmark, and even her beloved Polly was forgotten in a moment of such excitement.

It was from Mr. Morris, of course, and Betty eagerly tore it open and read this:

To Miss Elizabeth McGuire:

MY DEAR BETTY: Yours received duly, and I have done what I could in the matter. I have looked over your grandfather's papers,—all your grandfather's papers,—and I can find nothing, absolutely nothing, by which to trace the family connections of your mother, except one slight allusion. There is an unfinished letter, evidently begun by your grandfather to some friend, whom he addresses as "Dear Michael." In this letter there is a statement to the effect that Martin McGuire married a Miss Irving, a daughter of William Irving of Massachusetts.

This information, though vague, very vague, may prove a clue to your parentage, and may aid you in finding your mother's relatives. I hope, I sincerely hope, it will help you, and I will endeavor to find out more details, more definite data, concerning them.

With kind remembrances to the Van Court family, and best wishes for your own health and prosperity, I am
Your obedient servant,

JOHN MORRIS.

Betty read this letter over twice, and then she took the mystified Polly on her lap, and said decidedly: "Pollykins, *we* 're going to have a grandfather."

"G'an'fader?" inquired Polly.

"Yes. There 's one in the world for us—at least, perhaps there is; and we 're going to find him and bring him here to live with us."

"Yi, yi!" said Polly, not specially elated at the prospect.

"And, baby," cried Betty, excitedly, "I've just thought of something—oh, something wonderful! Where 's Jack?"

"Jack 's studyin'," said the little one, confidently, "'cause when I spoke to him he just said, 'Clear out, Pollypops.'"

Betty gave a long, low whistle, which was their signal when either wanted the other, and in a moment Jack appeared at the door.

"What is it, Betty?" he said.

"Oh, Jack, I've had a letter from Mr. Morris, and he says my mother's father was a William Irving of Massachusetts; and don't you know those people that spent the summer with Mr. Ross were named Irving, and they were from Boston, and maybe they 're the ones!"

"And maybe they 're not. Nonsense, Betty; there are plenty of Irvings in Massachusetts."

"Yes, I know it—but these are the only Massachusetts Irvings we've heard of, and I'm going to hunt them up first, and if they 're not the ones, I'm going to keep on, if I have to go to every house in the State to inquire! But first I'm going over to the Van Courts'. Tell Mr. Mixon I won't be at lessons to-day; I'm too excited to study."

Then Betty rang for Pete, and asked him to

have Dixie put to the cart, and soon she was flying toward Mrs. Van Court's.

The three Van Court ladies were sitting by their cozy fireside when Betty came dancing in. She greeted the ladies cordially, and, flinging off her coat and hat, she picked up a small footstool, and, holding it in her arms, stood for a moment looking at her three friends. Then, prompted by an instinctive feeling that Mrs. Van Court could do the best for her, she placed the stool beside that lady and sat upon it.

"I want you to help me, ma'am," she said. "I've found out the name of my mother's people, and I want to search them out, wherever they may be. Will you go with me?"

"Go where, Betty? What are you talking about?" said the lady, somewhat bewildered, but very kindly disposed toward the earnest child who was asking her assistance.

"Well, I've had a letter from Mr. Morris, ma'am, and he says my mother's name was Irving, and my grandfather was William Irving of Massachusetts; and you know, Miss Grace, it was Irvings of Boston who used to spend summers with Mr. Ross, and something in my heart tells me they were my people."

"But that's nonsense," said Miss Margaret; "of course they *might* be your people, or connections of them, but there's only about one chance in a thousand that they are."

"I know it, ma'am, but that's the chance I'm taking. And so I want to go down to Mr. Ross's house again and ask him the Boston address of his Irvings, and then I want to go to Boston and find them. And dear Mrs. Van Court, I want you to go with me."

Betty's voice was so wheedlesome, and her little face looked so sweet, that Mrs. Van Court would have felt inclined to go to Australia with her, if she had asked it; so she said:

"Well, we'll see about it, child, and I'll help you all I can. But first you must see if you can get the address from Mr. Ross."

"Yes, 'm. I think I'll drive down there right off."

Miss Grace volunteered to go with her, and shortly after the Denniston carriage started on its trip to the old farm-house.

Betty's hopes were high, and during the

drive down she chatted gaily to her companion of her new grandparents, whom she had already begun to love.

"And who do you suppose 'Lallowet' can be, Miss Grace?"

"Why, if Mr. and Mrs. Irving *are* your grandparents, then, as Lallowet is their daughter, she must be your aunt."

"Yes 'm, I'm sure she is; and the reason I liked that white silk dress so much is because it belonged to my aunt. Aunt Lallowet—that's a funny name, is n't it?"

"Yes. I think it must be a nickname, and I doubt if they called it exactly right."

But alas for the uncertainty of human hopes!—when they reached the old house they found it locked and apparently deserted.

Betty was ready to cry with disappointment, but she bore it bravely, and said:

"Let's inquire of the neighbors where Mr. Ross has gone."

The nearest neighbor was half a mile away, and when they inquired they could learn only that Mr. and Mrs. Ross had gone to live with their son in Chicago. Poor little Betty's fairy-castles crumbled away. But, as she said to Miss Grace on the way home:

"One discouragement is n't much. I must expect lots of them. And I'm going to find my people in spite of everything."

Both the Van Court and the Denniston households were much disappointed at the failure of Betty's first plan for pursuing her search, but they all agreed that it was a plan so unlikely to lead to success that it made little difference. And then each began to think of some way by which William Irving could be found.

Jack was for going to Boston and hunting Irvings systematically by means of the directory; Mr. Van Court said that could be equally well accomplished by staying at home and writing letters; but Betty took no interest at all in "other Irvings"; she felt sure that the Ross Irvings were *her* Irvings, and that the white silk dress, which she now cherished more lovingly than ever, had once been worn by her own aunt.

One night, after she went to her room, she was looking at the dress, caressing it, and

fancying how her aunt had looked in it, when something inside the bodice caught her eye. Then a thought flashed into her mind, and with an exclamation of delight she darted to the couch and grabbed her pillow confidant.

"Pillow," she whispered to it, "what *do* you think? I know a way—a *sure* way to find my Irvings. In that white dress, Pillow, is a belt with the name of the dressmaker in gilt letters; and it's Mlle. François, and it tells the street and number in Boston, and she can tell me all about Lallowet and her parents. Oh, Pillow, I've found her at last! I believe I'll begin to pack now for my Boston trip."

And the impetuous child did. So, early the next morning Betty announced to the family at Denniston her discovery of the dressmaker's address, and her determination to go at once to Boston; then she went over to lay her plans before Mrs. Van Court. Her impatience had made her start early, and she found her friends still at the breakfast-table. They were much interested in her news, and Mr. Dick declared she was downright clever and would make a detective yet; he said, too, that whenever Betty and his mother were ready to go to Boston, he would offer himself as their escort.

Mrs. Van Court thought it would be just as well to write to Mlle. François and see if she was still at the same place. But Betty felt sure she could learn more by going there than by writing, and as Mrs. Van Court was acting for Betty's good, she made no further objections, but said she would be ready to start the next day.

Mr. Dick went with them, and the three had a delightful trip. The great steamboat of the Fall River line seemed to Betty like a wonderful floating palace, and she began to think that even if her second attempt to find her grandparents should fail, the time would be well spent.

After an early breakfast on the boat, next morning, they took the train for Boston, and on their arrival went to a hotel.

Betty was wild with impatience, and wanted to run at once to the street and number she was so anxious to find; but she had learned to be a polite little girl and consider others'

wishes before her own, and so she waited patiently until Mrs. Van Court, who was wearied with the journey and wanted to rest, proposed that they start out to find Mlle. François.

They found the place without difficulty; but though it was still a modiste's shop, the sign bore the name of Mme. Villeré instead of Mlle. François.

Betty's heart sank; but she still hoped to get information of some kind, so they went in.

Mme. Villeré proved to be a voluble little French lady, who answered Betty's rather incoherent questions with great kindness.

"Mlle. François? Perfectly, but she *ees* gone. I am her—vat is it?—successor. And do I keep her customers? Oui, mademoiselle, almost all. But Irving? No; I do not know Mme. Irving. Yet stay—we will see *ze* books—*ze* old books of Mlle. François."

And sure enough, when they referred to the carefully indexed accounts left by Mlle. François, they found the name of Mrs. William Irving, 72 Rutherford Place.

"There!" cried Betty, triumphantly, "I knew we 'd find it! Oh, can't we go there right away?"

The little Frenchwoman did n't quite understand what it was all about, but complimented the ladies in every possible way, and artfully referred to her own superior *modes* and latest fashions. Betty would willingly have given her an order for a new frock then and there, but she was so excited over the success of her scheme, so far, that it did n't occur to her.

So, cutting short Mme. Villeré's voluminous adieus, they started for Rutherford Place.

When they arrived they found that No. 72's windows showed only dark green shades, and its front door was boarded up.

"No one lives here, Popinjay," said Mr. Dick, cheerily, "but don't let that discourage you. We're not going to allow Mr. William Irving to escape us so easily as that. We'll ask the neighbors as to his whereabouts."

But neither the residents of 70 nor of 74 could tell him anything about the people who lived in 72.

"Well," said Mr. Van Court, after thinking a minute, "we'll go back to the hotel now, Betty, and then we can lay our further plans."

So they went back, Betty a little downcast at the apparent difficulties in her path, but still hopeful, and much cheered by Mr. Van Court.

When they reached their hotel the young man announced that he was going on an errand, and would meet his mother and Betty again at dinner-time, and meanwhile they were to go to their rooms and rest. The beautiful appointments of the hotel reminded Betty of her visit to New York and her stay at the hotel there; and she thought how much she had learned since then. And indeed she had. From a bewildered, ignorant child she had changed into an intelligent, well-behaved one; and half instinctively, half by reason of her education, she conducted herself in every way as a little girl of her age should.

At six o'clock Betty and Mrs. Van Court went down to the parlor, and found Mr. Dick awaiting them with a smiling countenance.

"I know you've heard some important news," said Betty, smiling too; "what is it?"

"The sky is falling; I must go and tell the king," said Mr. Dick, teasingly.

"Well, play I am the king," returned Betty; "tell me all about it."

"Well, my child, I think we are once again on the trail of your elusive grandparent. I have been interviewing a man in the post-office, and he tells me that Mr. and Mrs. William Irving of 72 Rutherford Place are now sojourning at Lakewood, New Jersey."

"Oh," said Betty, breathlessly, "when can we start?"

Mrs. Van Court smiled.

"Betty," she said, "are you a grasshopper? Do you think you can spring across the country at a leap? I will go with you to Lakewood, but I must get my breath before we set off on another wild-goose chase."

So the next day they let Mrs. Van Court rest while Betty and Mr. Dick went on a sight-seeing tour; and at night they started for New York and thence to Lakewood.

CHAPTER XX.

HOME AT LAST.

On reaching Lakewood the travelers drove at once to a beautiful hotel, which, as they

entered, seemed to Betty to be made all of glass and gaslight. She was conducted to an attractive little room adjoining Mrs. Van Court's, and she immediately began to make her toilet for dinner.

But Mrs. Van Court declared she could not go down to the dining-room that evening, she was so tired by the long journey; and so she said she would have her dinner sent to her room, while Betty could go down to dinner with Richard.

"But," said Mrs. Van Court, "don't attempt to look for your Irvings to-night. Wait until to-morrow, and we will set about it properly."

"Yes, 'm," said Betty; and then she proceeded to put on her prettiest frock, a flowery organdie with rose-colored ribbons.

She presented herself to Mrs. Van Court, who said, "You look very sweet, my dear;" and then Mr. Richard came, and with his charge went down the wide staircase, and through the long gallery of great palms, and on through the marble hall to the dining-room. After dinner they sauntered around the rooms, until they came to the music-room, at the entrance of which a small notice was posted.

Mr. Van Court read it, and then turned to Betty with an exclamation: "Popinjay, we've found her!"

"Who?" said Betty, bewildered by his mysterious tone.

"Read that notice! But no—you don't understand French, do you? Well, it tells of a concert to be given here to-night, at which a lady will sing who is called L'Alouette. Now, L'Alouette is French for 'The Lark,' and I have no doubt it is the lady whom Mr. Ross called Lallowet."

"Of course it is!" cried Betty, clasping her hands together to keep from clapping them, "and she is my aunt, William Irving's daughter!"

"Perhaps she is, but don't get so excited. You'll be doing the 'grasshopper act' next. Now listen. If you'll promise to sit quietly, and not make a scene, we'll attend the concert; but if not, I'm going to show you to your room at once and put you in mother's care."

"Oh, I will be good! I'll sit as still as a

mouse, and not say a word. Only let me see her and hear her. Do, please, Mr. Dick!"

Of course Mr. Dick consented; and as the audience chairs were rapidly filling with people, he led Betty to a seat near the back

lark, and though her voice had not great volume, it was full of sweetness and sympathy.

Mr. Van Court was almost as much agitated as Betty, for he could see—what the child could not—that there was a wonderful resem-



BETTY'S MEETING WITH L'ALOUETTE. (SEE PAGE 1023.)

of the room, for he did not know what demonstrations the impulsive child might make.

The concert was a delightful one, and music-loving Betty enjoyed every number, and was so happy listening that she almost forgot to be impatient for L'Alouette's appearance. But when that lady at last came on the stage, Betty turned pale with excitement, and her hands grew cold. She said nothing, but her eyes shone like stars as she looked fixedly at the beautiful singer.

L'Alouette was well named. Her clear, bird-like notes rang out like the song of a

blance between the face of L'Alouette and that of the little Irish girl. It was not so much in feature as in expression, and the young man felt convinced that it was really a family likeness, and that Betty had at last found a relative. But though it would never have occurred to Betty that she could resemble that beautiful lady, yet she was equally certain that she was looking at her own aunt; for Betty saw—what Mr. Dick did not—that L'Alouette's white silk gown was very like the one Mlle. François had made, only of a more modern fashion. And, aside from any cir-

cumstantial evidence, Betty felt in her own heart a kinship with the lovely lady as unexplainable as it was certain.

After L'Alouette had finished her song, and had sung an encore, Betty said:

"Mr. Dick, that's my own aunt, and I know it. I like the concert, but I don't want to hear any more to-night, and I think, if you please, I'll go to my room now."

Mr. Van Court was surprised at her calmness, but felt so relieved that she was willing to wait before making herself known to her new-found relative that he only said:

"Very well, my child. Do you know where your room is?"

"Oh, yes; I have the key with me. I brought it that I might not disturb Mrs. Van Court if she should be asleep when I return," Betty replied.

So Mr. Dick took her to the stairs and consigned her to the care of a passing maid, who showed her to her room.

Betty unlocked the door noiselessly, and then as carefully closed the door between her room and Mrs. Van Court's. Then she sat down and thought a long while.

She had no intention of waiting until morning to claim her own aunt—not she! And besides, the way was clear to speak to the lady that night without making any scene such as Mrs. Van Court dreaded.

As soon as L'Alouette appeared on the stage in the music-room, Betty had recognized her as the lady whom she had met coming out of a door just across the hall from her own. She had noticed the gown particularly, and she knew she was not mistaken. "And now," she thought, "I will just go to that room across the hall, and see if it is really hers; and if it is, I will wait for her there until she comes upstairs."

It seemed a rash act, and Betty's heart beat fast at the thought of it; but something impelled her to do it, and she felt that she just *could n't* wait until morning.

So she opened her own door softly, and seeing no one in the hall, she stepped across to the opposite door, and knocked.

A sleepy-looking maid opened the door and regarded Betty with some surprise.

"Is this L'Alouette's room?" said the little girl, timidly.

"Yes, miss," answered the maid; "did she send you for anything?"

"No," said Betty, with a dignity born of excitement; "I am a friend of hers, and I wish to wait here until she returns."

"Yes, miss," said the maid, pleasantly enough; and she offered Betty an easy-chair and a footstool.

Then Betty sat down and waited.

She did not mind waiting; she had made the plunge, and now she must accept the consequences, whatever they might be.

Her mind was full of fancies and anticipations; she planned a dozen different phrases with which to greet her aunt; and finally she dropped asleep and continued her castle-building in her dreams.

An hour or so later, L'Alouette came in. She looked at the sleeping child and then turned to her maid for an explanation.

"Who is this, Lisette?" said she.

"A little girl, madame, who tapped at the door this evening, and said she was a friend of madame's and would wait for her."

L'Alouette gazed earnestly at the stranger, and then caught her breath quickly, while a great wonder filled her eyes.

Then she said quietly: "You may go, Lisette; I will wait on myself to-night."

"Yes, madame," said the maid, and she went away.

Then L'Alouette came and knelt beside Betty, and looked at her a long time. Then she gently wakened her by kissing her on the cheek.

Betty opened her eyes, and was awake and alert in an instant.

"Who are you?" she cried. "Are you my aunt, my dear mother's sister? Oh, say you are!"

"I am L'Alouette," said the lady, smiling; "and now, who are you?"

"I am Betty McGuire," said Betty, speaking very fast; "and my mother was an Irving of Boston, and my grandfather was William Irving. But my mother was killed in a railroad accident when I was a little baby, and oh—I *hope*—I do so hope that you are her sister."

L'Alouette gave a little cry, her eyes closed, and Betty thought she was going to faint. But she did not; she recovered herself, and with a quick, tense gesture she grasped Betty's hands, and looking into the little girl's eyes, while her own fairly blazed, she said:

"And who was your father?"

"Martin McGuire," answered Betty; "he too was killed when I was a baby—"

But she got no farther, for L'Alouette clasped her in her arms, and showered kisses all over the wondering little face, as she said:

"Betty—my baby Betty, I am not your aunt; I am your mother!"

"My mother?" said Betty, almost solemnly. "Then do you *love* me?"

"Yes," said L'Alouette, the beautiful light that had come into her eyes growing deeper and deeper; "I love you with all my hungry mother-heart, with a love that tells me you are really my own baby, though I was forced to believe that you had died years ago."

"And I believed you were dead," said Betty, clinging to L'Alouette as if afraid she might even yet disappear. "Were n't you killed in the railroad accident?"

"No, darling; I was injured, and taken to a hospital in Chicago, where I lay ill for months. And after that I tried every possible way to find my husband and child, only to be convinced at last that they must have perished."

"My father was killed," said Betty; "I know that—because I was taken to an orphan asylum, and they told me so afterward. And I know it, too, from my Grandfather McGuire's papers. And you *are* the one Mr. Ross called Lallowet—and I have worn one of your white dresses!"

"And do you know Mr. Ross? How much we have to tell each other! But who is here at Lakewood with you?—and with whom do you live, and where?"

And then, still clasped in her mother's embrace, Betty told the whole story of her eventful little life; and then L'Alouette told of her own sad years since last she had held her little girl in her arms.

After vainly using every effort to trace her husband and child, either dead or alive, she had given up the quest and resigned herself to

a life of loneliness and sorrow. Music was her only consolation; and as her voice developed under training, she was urged to sing on the stage; but this she refused to do, though she finally consented to sing at an occasional concert.

Her teacher had often called her L'Alouette, and as this name appeared to advantage on a program, she had used it.

They talked far into the night; and then—for L'Alouette could not give her up—Betty remained and slept beside her mother. But Betty's mother could not sleep, and all night she watched over her new-found child as if afraid the whole meeting might be only a repetition of an old and dear dream.

Next morning Betty awoke to find a happy face smiling at her. She flung herself into her mother's arms, crying: "It's true this morning, is n't it? I was n't quite sure of it last night."

"Yes," said Mrs. McGuire, "it *is* true; and now you must go at once to Mrs. Van Court, for I fear she will miss you and be worried."

"Oh, she never wakes up early," said Betty, confidently; "but I'll go back to my own room and dress for breakfast, and as soon as I can see her I'll tell her all about it."

Mrs. Van Court was so surprised and delighted at Betty's wonderful news that she did n't reprimand her for "making a scene"; and, indeed, she felt now that Betty was no longer under her charge, and that her responsibility had ceased. Mr. Dick was sincerely glad of Betty's new happiness, and the Irvings and the Van Courts soon became fast friends. Mr. and Mrs. Irving proved to be ideal grandparents, and their affection for Betty was second only to that of Mrs. McGuire herself.

Betty wanted them to come and live at Denniston; but the old people were too fond of their own home for that. So they all decided to remain a few days at Lakewood, and then Betty was to take her mother home, and install her as mistress of Denniston Hall.

Mrs. McGuire expressed herself as perfectly willing to adopt Betty's whole family as her own; indeed, she would have agreed to anything that insured her continued nearness to her idolized child.

"You'll like Grandma Jean," said Betty to

her mother, "she's so kind and obliging. And you'll like Jack, I know; and you'll just adore baby Polly."

"Yes," said her mother, "I'm sure I shall; and I'm already fond of Ellen and Pete, because they were so good to my little Betty when she was poor and motherless."

When at last they went home to Denniston, Mrs. McGuire was warmly welcomed because she was Betty's mother; but it was not long before she was loved by the whole family because of her own goodness and gentleness of character.

Grandma Jean was in no way made to feel that she was meant to assume an inferior position. She was expected to be the same re-

sponsible housekeeper she had been before; and being a sensible old lady, she felt no jealousy of the charming young mistress who had usurped Betty's place rather than hers.

Jack was shy at first, but his timidity soon melted away before the tact and kindness of the new-comer; and Polly fell in love with her at first sight.

As for Betty—she was happy now, truly happy; and she realized that all her life she had been starving for true human affection. This, she now understood, was the longing that had kept her hungry heart unsatisfied, and now that it had been fulfilled, her beautiful Denniston was perfect. At last mother-love had made for Betty a home.

THE END.

A QUESTIONER.

BY CLARA MARIE PLATT.

THERE 's a little boy at my house,
With a round-eyed, wond'ring stare;
When he sees the daylight going,
The little boy asks me, "Where?"

The world is so full of marvels!—
He 's learning to find them now;
And each time a rosebud blossoms
The little boy asks me, "How?"

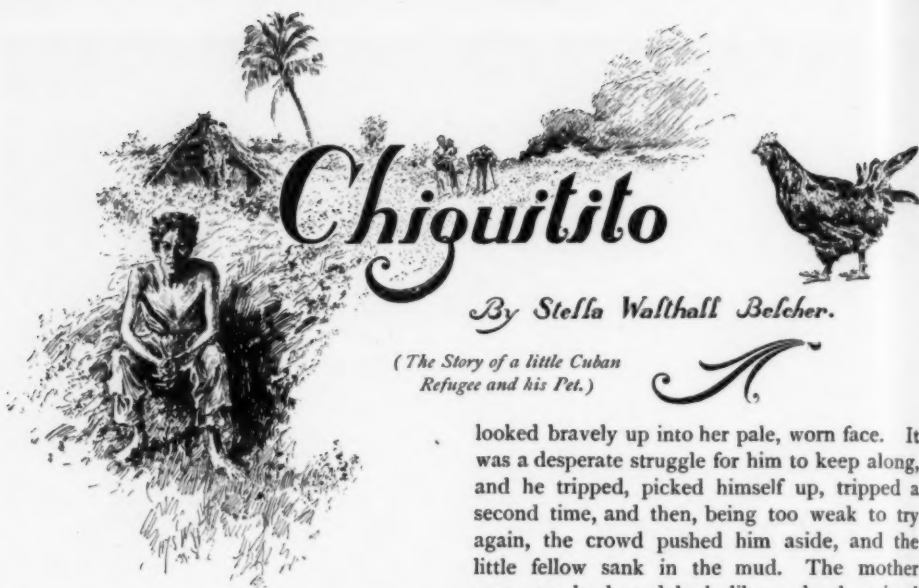
In the long, still days of summer,
When the summer sun is hot,
As the wind steals through the garden,
The little boy asks me, "What?"

He keeps me busily thinking.
Each day is *to-day* again;
To-morrow should get here sometime!
The little boy asks me, "When?"

Does any one know the answers?
No matter how hard I try,
There 's always another question—
The little boy asks me, "Why?"



THE COMING STORM.



Chiquitito

By Stella Walthall Belcher.

(The Story of a little Cuban Refugee and his Pet.)



LITTLE JOSÉ was a small, starved specimen of "swiperino" (the name the American soldier has facetiously given his Cuban brother), and if it had not been for a kind-hearted American officer the little fellow would now be buried in the trenches covered with a foot or two of earth, and no one would have known how much gratitude one small Cuban could possess.

It happened while the invading army lay outside the city of Santiago. The base of supplies was twenty miles away, and every piece of hardtack and bacon had to be brought in on mule-back over a trail a foot deep in mire and liquid vegetation.

There were thousands of refugees from the city and thousands of soldiers to be fed, and the commanding general sent word that all the Cubans and foreigners who were able must come four miles farther down the trail to make easier the distribution of provisions. Soon a famine-stricken procession was plowing painfully through the mire: mothers hugging to them half-starved babies; fathers and husbands dragging along their feeble women folk; children struggling to keep near their parents—all a sad, pitiful spectacle, which wrung the hearts of the kind Americans.

Little José clung to his mother's skirts, and

looked bravely up into her pale, worn face. It was a desperate struggle for him to keep along, and he tripped, picked himself up, tripped a second time, and then, being too weak to try again, the crowd pushed him aside, and the little fellow sank in the mud. The mother gave one backward look, like a dumb animal in pain, and struggled on to save herself and her babe; and that would have been the last of José had not an American officer gathered him up and carried him to his tent.

It was impossible to tell what José looked like, for he was covered with a shell of Cuban mud. The officer stripped him, tucked him in a blanket, and gave his clothes to an old camp-follower to wash.

The youngster was literally stuffed with bacon and beans and hardtack by his benefactor, and a few hours later was strutting about the camp, clean, well fed, and fairly bursting with happiness.

Three days went by. José had begun to struggle with the English language. He could say, "Ee t'ank yo'," and "Yo no sabe de Englis'," and some other incomprehensible lingo. He ran errands; he ate ravenously; he slept in his benefactor's tent; he was the kind officer's devoted shadow; and all this while the Americans waited outside the gates of Santiago.

Then, one day, the Stars and Stripes floated over the city, and the officer saw that it was necessary to part with the little refugee and send him home to his friends. Therefore, loading a sack with rations, and mounting it and the boy

on a decrepit mule, he bade them God-speed, and started them in the direction of Santiago.

"Ee t'ank yo', Señor Offeecer, ee t'ank yo'!" cried the boy, with tears in his eyes.

And the officer said:

"*Adios, adios, querido muchacho*" ("farewell, farewell, dear child"); and to his friends: "That is the last I shall hear of my refugee."

But he was mistaken. Cubans have gratitude.

Two days later José appeared in camp. His face was stretched in a broad smile, and under his arm he carried tenderly a poor starved chicken, which had barely enough animation to stand up.

His owner placed him on the ground before his friend the officer, and proudly smoothed down his very ragged feathers. Then, stepping back from his pet, he spread out his little brown hands.

"He 's fo' yo'," he said simply, and turned to go.

The officer caught the boy by the shoulder, and turned him right about.

"See here, my little man," he said kindly, "I 'm much obliged. But you need your chicken more than I do. Take him home."

José shook his head.

"Yo no spick de Englis'. Yo no sabe." He pointed to the chicken. "He name —'Chikuitito.' He ees fo' yo'. Ee t'ank yo'."

That settled the matter. José remained firm. This chicken was his all, and he gave it to his friend the "Americano."

A string was tied about the chicken's leg, and he was anchored to the tent-pole, where he attracted much questionable attention from all the hungry soldiers. They looked him over

with longing eyes, and sized up his points at mess-times, wondering whether he 'd taste better fried in butter or broiled whole over the camp-fire.

But Chikuitito was not to be offered up as a sacrifice to any hungry stomach. Instead, he was allowed to wax fat and lazy with the crumbs which fell from his master's table, and when the army moved into the captured city of Santiago, the happy chicken was carried in state by a friendly orderly.

His new owner was attached to the general's staff, and when they moved into the govern-



"'HE 'S FO' YO'," HE SAID SIMPLY, AND TURNED TO GO."

ment palace thither with the staff went his favored chickenship.

It was quite evident palaces had not been

much in Chiquitito's line, but he soon fell into the exalted ways of his new station, and acted quite to the manor born.

When the American general and his staff were dining the chicken flew to the great man's shoulder and perched there with easy familiarity. Then, as his fancy moved him, he hopped from shoulder to shoulder of the junior officers, clinging to their epaulets, and pecking daintily at a morsel of cake or fruit held up by his obedient servant.

At night Chiquitito roosted in the chandelier of the great state chamber, and doubtless

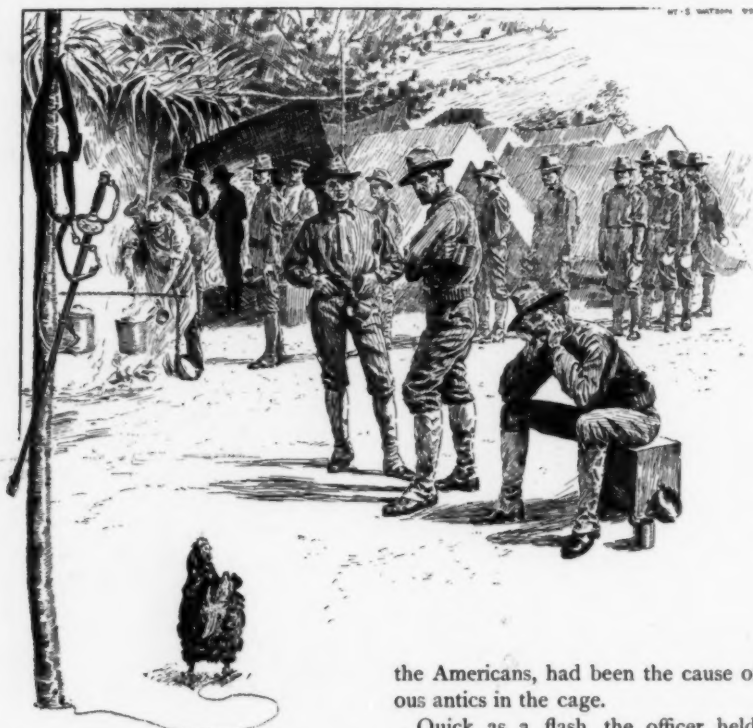
found a gilded parrot's-cage, and forthwith it became the home of Chiquitito.

A few days before they took their departure from Santiago, the general and his aide were startled by a most extraordinary demonstration from their pet fowl.

"What 's the matter with the creature?" laughed the general.

"I think high life must have turned his head," answered the puzzled officer.

"Chiquitito, Chiquitito!" cried a voice outside; and there, smiling more broadly than ever, was José, whose approach, unheard by



"THE SOLDIERS WONDERED WHETHER HE 'D TASTE BETTER FRIED IN BUTTER OR BROILED OVER THE CAMP-FIRE."

strange dreams harassed his chicken brain. If he could have spoken in our language he might have given us a good story of a Spanish vision or two which glided across the polished floor of the governor's apartment.

Somewhere in that deserted palace was

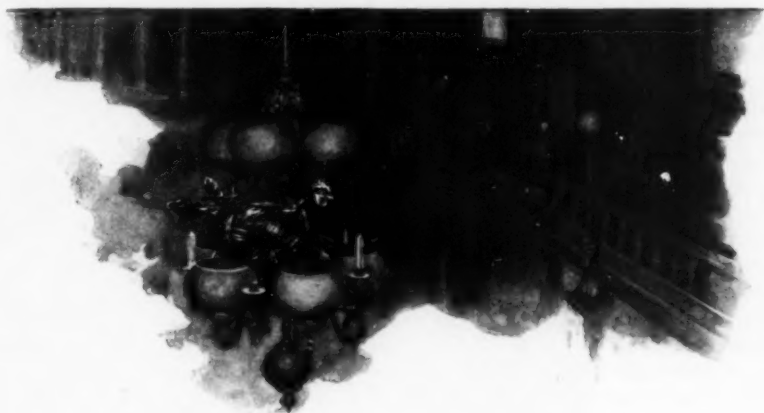
the Americans, had been the cause of the joyous antics in the cage.

Quick as a flash, the officer held out the chicken through the open window.

"No, no," laughed the little boy; "*bueno, bueno!*" And, kissing his hand to his now important chick, he scudded off down the street; and that was indeed the last they saw of the little refugee.

His chickenship will live in peace and dignity on Governor's Island, a prize bird in many

senses; and though he knows "mucho" about his American friends long stories about those affairs in Santiago, he has n't learned the English language, and could n't, if he would, tell dreary days with José before the Americanos came to the sunny isle of Cuba.



THE WALKING PURCHASE.

BY GEORGE WHEELER.

IN the early twilight of a September morning, more than one hundred and sixty years ago, a remarkable company might have been seen gathering about a large chestnut-tree at the cross-roads near the Friends' meeting-house in Wrightstown, Pennsylvania. It is doubtful whether any one of us could have guessed what the meeting meant. Most of the party were Quakers in wide-brimmed hats and plain dress, and if it had been First-day instead of Third-day, we might have thought they were gathering under the well-known tree for a neighborly chat before "meeting." Nor was it a warlike rendezvous; for the war-cry of the Lenni-Lenape had never yet been raised against the "Children of Mignon" (Elder Brother), as the followers of William Penn were called; and in a little group somewhat apart were a few athletic Indians in peaceful garb and friendly attitude. But it evidently was an important

meeting, for here were several prominent officials, including even so notable a person as Proprietor Thomas Penn.

In 1686, fifty-one years before this, William Penn bought from the Lenni-Lenape, or Delaware Indians, a section bounded on the east by the Delaware, on the west by the Neshaminy, and extending to the north from his previous purchases "as far as a man can go in a day and a half." No effort was made to fix the northern boundary until the Indians, becoming uneasy at the encroachments of the settlers, asked to have the line definitely marked. On August 25, 1737, after several conferences between the Delawares and William Penn's sons, John and Thomas, who, after their father's death, became proprietors of Pennsylvania, the treaty of 1686 was confirmed, and a day was appointed for beginning the walk. This explains why the crowd was gathering about the

old chestnut-tree in the early dawn of that day, September 19, 1737.

"Ready!" called out Sheriff Smith.

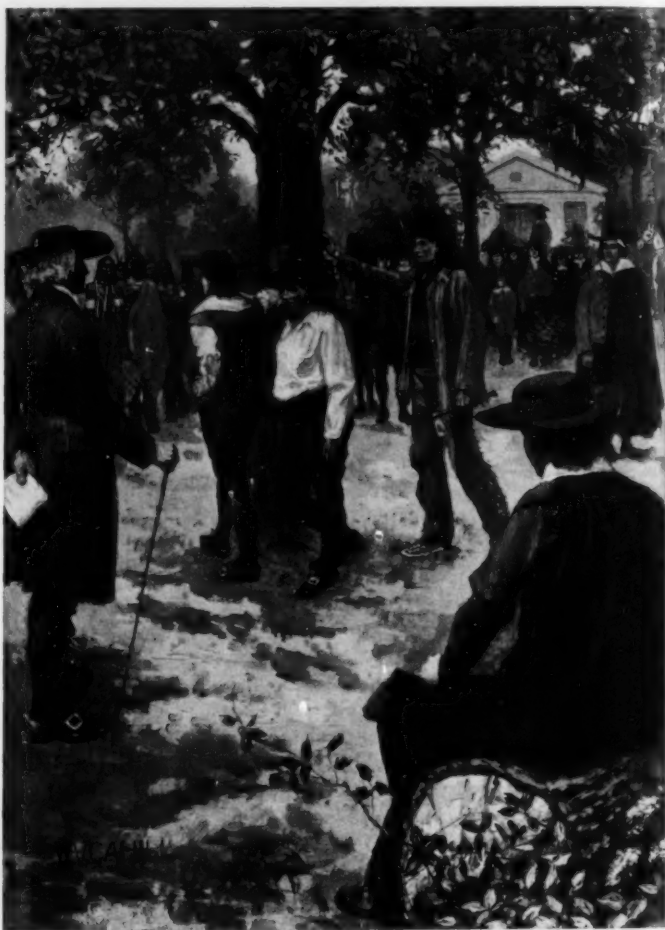
At the word, James Yeates, a native of New England, "tall, slim, of much ability and speed of foot," Solomon Jennings, "a remarkably stout and strong man," and Edward Marshall, a well-known hunter, over six feet tall, and noted as a walker, stepped from the crowd and placed their right hands upon the tree.

Thomas Penn had promised five pounds in money and five hundred acres of land to the walker who covered the greatest distance; and these three men were to contest for the prize. Just as the edge of the sun showed above the horizon, Sheriff Smith gave the word, and the race began.

Yeates quickly took up the lead, stepping lightly. Then came Jennings, accompanied by two Indians, who were there to see that the walking was fairly done. Closely following them were men on horseback, including the sheriff and the surveyor-general. Thomas Penn himself followed the party for some distance.

Far in the rear came Marshall, walking in a careless manner, swinging a hatchet in one hand, "to balance himself," and at intervals munching a dry biscuit, of which he carried a small supply. He seemed to have forgotten a resolution he had made to "win the prize of five hundred acres of land, or lose his life in the attempt."

Thomas Penn had secretly sent out a preliminary party to blaze the trees along the line of the walk for as great a distance as it was thought possible for a man to walk in eighteen hours. So, when the wilderness was reached,



"THE THREE MEN STEPPED FROM THE CROWD AND PLACED THEIR RIGHT HANDS UPON THE TREE."

the walkers still had the best and most direct course clearly marked out for them. The Indians soon protested against the speed, saying over and over: "That 's not fair. You run. You were to walk." "But the treaty said, 'As far as a man can go,' and the walkers were following it in letter, if not in spirit, as they

hurried along. Their protests being disregarded, the Indians endeavored to delay the progress by stopping to rest; but the white men dismounted, and allowed the Indians to ride, and thus pushed on as rapidly as ever. At last the Indians refused to go any farther, and left the party.

Before Lehigh River was reached Jennings was exhausted, gave up the race, and lagged behind in the company of followers. His health was shattered, and he lived only a few years.

That night the party slept on the north side of the Lehigh Mountains, half a mile from the Indian village of Hokendaqua. Next morning, while some of the party searched for the horses which had strayed away during the night, others went to the village to request Lappawinzoë, the chief, to send other Indians to accompany the walkers. He angrily replied: "You have all the good land now, and you may as well take the bad, too." One old Indian, indignant at the stories of how the white men rushed along in their greed to get as much land as possible, remarked in a tone of deep disgust: "No sit down to smoke; no shoot squirrel; but lun, lun, lun, all day long."

Scarcely had the last half-day's walk begun before Yeates, who was a drinking man, was overcome by the tremendous exertions and intemperance of the previous day. He stumbled at the edge of Big Creek, and rolled, helpless, down the bank into the water. When rescued he was entirely blind, and his death followed within three days.

Marshall still pressed on. Passing the last of the blazed trees which had hitherto guided him, he seized a compass offered by Surveyor-General Eastburn, and by its aid still continued his onward course. At last, Sheriff Smith, who for some time had frequently looked at his watch, called, "Halt!" Marshall instantly threw himself at full length, and grasped a sapling. Here was the starting-point for the northern boundary of the purchase of 1686, sixty-eight miles from the old chestnut-tree at Wrightstown, and very close to where Mauch Chunk stands to-day. The walk was twice as long as the Indians expected it to be.

Unfortunately for the Delawares, they knew too little of legal technicalities to notice that

the deed did not state in what direction the northern boundary was to be drawn. They naturally expected it to be drawn to the nearest point on the Delaware. But the surveyor-general, to please Penn, decided that the line should run at right angles to the direction of the walk, which was almost exactly northwest. Draw a line from Mauch Chunk to the Delaware so that if extended it would pass through New York city, and another to the point where New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania meet. The first is the Indian's idea of the just way to lay out the northern boundary; the second is the line which Surveyor-General Eastburn actually finished marking out in four days after Marshall's walk ended.

And so the three hundred thousand acres which the Indians would have given to the Penns as the result of Marshall's walk were increased to half a million by taking selfish advantage of a flaw in the deed.

The Lenni-Lenape had loved and trusted William Penn because he always dealt openly and fairly with them. "We will live in love with William Penn and his children," said they, "as long as the sun and moon shall shine." But the wrongs inflicted on them in the "walking purchase" aroused the deepest indignation. "Next May," said Lappawinzoë, "we will go to Philadelphia, each one with a buckskin to repay the presents and take back our land again." It was too late, however, for this to be done.

At last, in 1741, the Indians determined to resort to arms to secure justice. But the Iroquois, to whom the Delawares had long been subject, came to the aid of the Penns, and the last hope of righting the wrong was gone forever.

There seems a sort of poetic justice in the later experiences of the principal men in the affair. Marshall never got his five hundred acres of land, and his wife was killed in an attack by the Indians. Eastburn was repudiated by Thomas Penn, and his heirs were notified that they "need not expect the least favor." Penn himself was brought before the king and forced to disown many of his acts and agents in a most humiliating manner.

But all this did not repair the injury to the Delawares, and they never again owned, as a



"THE INDIANS PROTESTED AGAINST THE SPEED."

tribe, a single inch along the river from which they took their name.

A small monument, erected by the Bucks County Historical Society, marks the spot where the old chestnut-tree formerly stood. In order that this might not seem to condone an unworthy deed, the monument was dedicated, not to those who made or conducted the walk, but to the Lenni-Lenape Indians—"not to the wrong, but to the persons wronged."

The inscription on the stone reads:

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LENNI-LENAPE INDIANS,
ANCIENT OWNERS OF THIS REGION,
THESE STONES ARE PLACED AT
THIS SPOT, THE STARTING-
POINT OF THE
"INDIAN WALK,"
September 19, 1737.



"MARSHALL THREW HIMSELF AT FULL LENGTH, AND GRASPED A SAPLING."

"FLOWERY."

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

HE was walking in the garden, and incautiously he spoke
Of a very flowery orator, Sir Sentimental Smoke—
"An orator of emptiness," as he went on to say,
"An orator whose vague conceits so flowery are and gay,
So vapid, incoherent, pompous, wandering, inane,
In brief, so very *flowery*, that they almost are insane."

Now when he left the garden what an angry clamor burst!
The Rose was all a-tremble, but she found her voice the first.
"So we are vapid, are we?" indignantly she cried.
"And incoherent, are we?" asked the Lily at her side.
"And think! he called us pompous!" murmured low the Violet;
"And wandering! What slander!" cried the stiff-stalked Mignonette.
"An outrage!" popped the Poppy, and the rest agreed with him;
Whereat he framed this protest, which was voted with a vim:

"Resolved, That all the flowers are insulted grievously
By the misuse of an adjective, to wit, of 'flowery.'
Resolved, That every mortal is requested to refrain
From the adjective aforesaid as a synonym for 'vain,'
For 'silly,' 'wordy,' 'whimsical,' 'grandiloquent,' or 'smart,'
And let it in the future play a more important part.
For flowers are finely modeled, much in little, beauty's brief,
Perfection to a petal, and a volume in a leaf.
So take your perfect orator, whose every word is fit,
A prince of thought and eloquence, of force and grace and wit,
And when he rises highest, in the senate's day of days,
Pronounce his speaking 'flowery,' and count it highest praise."

They asked a passing zephyr their courier to be,
And I have just related what the zephyr brought to me.

UNDER GREEN BOUGHS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I HEARD along the orchard,
All in the bright spring weather,
The pink and pretty people
Whispering close together:

"We 're drawing royal juices
From the happy earth's completeness,
From the perfumed showers of summer
And the spicy south wind's sweetness.

"We 're wizards of the moonlight
Weaving charms with dewy plunder;
And we 're chemists of the sunshine
Changing form and working wonder..

"When all the leaves have reddened
With streaks and peaks and dapples,
Though folk may think us blossoms,
They 'll find we 're really apples!"

To a Ladye in the Mountains

these

verses

by one

Margaret Johnson.



WANDERING on the sunny uplands, with the autumn tints
aglow,
In the woods, or by the roadsides, where the sumac-blossoms
blow,
Did you anywhere, I wonder,
Shining elm or maple under,
Meet a little blue-eyed girl I used to know?

She 'd a look demure and dreamy, and a manner rather shy?

Yes, and scarce, perhaps, she saw you, as she lingered slowly by.

But her gown, you think, was cotton?
Nay; unless I have forgotten,

It was satin, brodered, rich
with purple dye.



Two short braids tied up
with ribbon? And
her hair, you say,
was — red?

Oh, indeed you are
mistaken,
though you
smile and
shake your
head!

For her locks
were fair
and golden,

And adorned in fashion olden —

Looped with pearls, I think, or roses white
instead.



And her little feet in — clumsy little shoes,
you say, were cased?
They were silken slippers, or, it may be, san-
dals, silver-laced.
And her round white arm, extended,
(Freckles? No!)
was decked
with splendid
Jewels such as might a
royal wrist have
graced.

LL alone? You did
not see, then,
how the knights
about her rode —
How their fiery charg-
ers galloped, and
their gilded ar-
mor glowed;

Did not see the cunning pixies
And the fair, pale water-nixies

Who went floating where the fern-hid stream-
let flowed.

All alone? Enchanted princes strayed where-
 ever she might roam;
 Heroes, giants, white swan-maidens, in the
 green woods made their home;
 And each dell and dingle shady
 Was alive—believe me, lady—
 Peopled thick with elf and fairy, dwarf and
 gnome.

She was going on some errand to the little
 village store?

With your strange misunderstandings you sur-
 prise me more and more.

For *I* know that as
 she wandered
 Some heroic deed
 she pondered.

Tape and buttons? Don't
 suggest them, I
 implore!



HE was going to carry
 succor to some
 wounded knight,
 perchance,
 Or to keep a fairy ren-
 dezvous and join
 a fairy dance.

She was beautiful Rowena,
 Lost and lovely Proserpina,
 St. Elizabeth, or noble Jeanne of France



(I forget exactly
 which, but
 one you must
 have chanced
 to meet),

Or the Lily Maid
 of Astolat, or
 Enid, grave
 and sweet,
 Or a splendid vi-
 king maid-
 en

With her glitter-
 ing armor
 laden,

Or a princess from an
 ancient Bag-
 dad street.

She was rich and she was famous, she was
 beautiful and good;
 She was crowned with all the glories of a
 perfect womanhood;

And the future shone before her

Like a misty bright
 aurora,

Or the dazzle of the
 sunlight in the
 wood.



Did it matter if the sun
 were hid beneath a
 cloudlet curled?

If the leafy paths were dripping and
 the branches rain-impearled?

She was walking in a splendor

That no later suns can render—

In the magic light that glorifies the world.

But—how blind we grown-up
 people are! how stupidly
 content!

It was just a common moun-
 tain-road down which
 that day you went?

And you saw, you tell
 me, only,

Wandering dreamy-eyed
 and lonely,

Just a little girl upon an errand
 sent?

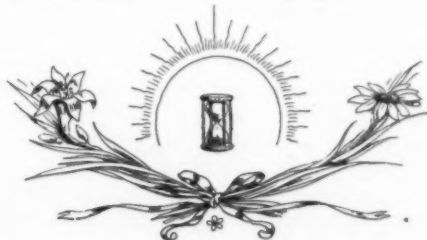


Well, perhaps your eyes were
 dazzled by the maples'
 ruddy glow,

But you're quite, *quite* wrong about it, and I
 really ought to know:

For that little girl, you see, dear,
 Was the ghost of little me, dear—

Of the funny little me of long ago.



THE DOZEN FROM LAKERIM.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER X.



INGSTONIANS and Trojans, curiously enough, had each won a series of firsts, of seconds, and thirds that totaled up the same.

So the Tug of War, which had been intended only for an exhibition, became in a sense the deciding event of the whole contest.

The captain of the Kingston four was the huge Sawed-Off, who was also the anchor of his team. He came out upon the floor wearing around his waist a belt that was about as graceful as a horse-collar, and quite as heavy, made as it was of padded leather. It was suspended from his shoulders like a life-belt, and carried a deep groove around the middle of it.

The Troy captain had a similar contrivance about him, and he looked somewhat contemptuously upon the Kingstonians, who had not the beefy, brawny look of his own big four.

The eight took their places on the long board, each man with his feet against a cleat. The rope was marked in its exact center with a white cord, and held there by a lever which the umpire pressed down with his foot.

The Troy tuggers took a stout hold on the rope and faced the Kingstonians gloweringly. The Kingston men, however, faced to the rear, and straddled the rope—all except Sawed-Off, who, like the Troy captain, had wrapped it round his belt and taken a hitch in it for security.

When all were ready, the umpire shouted "Go!" and at the same instant released the lever and the rope. The Trojans threw all their muscle into one terrific jerk; but each of

Sawed-Off's men, gripping the rope in front of him at arm's-length, fell face downward.

By the impact of their full weight, and by relying not merely upon their arms, but on the whole pull of back and legs, the Kingstonians gave the rope a yank that would have annoyed an oak-tree, and certainly left the Trojans no chance.

After this first assault the teams found themselves thus: the Kingstonians were stretched prone on the board with their legs straight against the cleats; Sawed-Off was braced against his cleat and seated facing Troy; the rival team was seated, but with knees bent, and their captain glared amazed at Sawed-Off, who was busily taking in over a foot of captured cable. There the Kingstonians held the white string, a foot to their side, when the time was up and the lever was clamped down.

After a short rest, the men resined their hands anew and prepared for the second pull. The Trojan captain had been wise enough to see the advantage of the Kingston forward fall, and he was not too modest to adopt it.

When the lever was slipped the second time, both teams fell face downward. But now Troy's bulk told to her advantage, and she carried the white cord six inches to her side. The Kingstonians lay with their knees bent.

Now Sawed-Off tried a preconcerted trick signal. With ominous tone, he cried:

"Now, boys—all together—heave!"

At the last word the Trojans braced like oxen against the expected jerk. But none came, and they relaxed a little, feeling that they had been fooled. But Sawed-Off's men were silently and slowly counting five, and then, with a mighty heave, they yearned forward, and catching the Winthrop team unprepared, got back four inches. They tried it again, and made only about an inch. A third time Sawed-Off gave the signal, and the Trojans, recognizing it, waited a bit before bracing for the shock. But for the third time Sawed-Off had arranged that the pull should immedi-

ately follow the command. Again the Trojans were fooled, and the white went two inches into Kingston territory.

And then—after what seemed a whole night of agony—suddenly the lever nipped the rope, and the contest was over. The Trojans were all faint, and the head of Winthrop fell forward limply. Even Sawed-Off was so dizzy that he had to be helped across the floor by his friends. They were glad enough to pay him this aid, for he had made victory theirs.

All Kingston had learned to love and respect the sturdy giant, and the Lakerimmers were prouder of him than ever.

As the school year rolled on toward its finish in June, times became busier and busier for the students, especially for the Lakerimmers, who felt a great responsibility upon their shoulders—the responsibility of keeping the Lakerim Athletic Club pennant flying to the fore in all the different businesses of academic life: in the class-room, at the prize speaking, in the debating society, and most of all in the different athletic affairs.

The springtime athletics found the best of them choosing between the boat crew and the ball team.

Of the men that tried for the crew all were sifted out gradually except B. J., Quiz, and Punk.

As the training went on, the man who had been elected captain of the eight worked so faithfully—or overworked so faithfully—that he was trained up to the finest point some two or three weeks before the great regatta of academies. Every day after that he lost in form, in spite of himself, and the coach had finally to make him abdicate the throne, and Punk, who had worked in his usual slow and conservative fashion, seemed the fittest man to succeed him. So Punk became captain of the crew, and found himself at the old post of stroke-oar, and rowed across the line two lengths ahead of Lakerim's and Kingston's ancient rival, Troy.

Of the Lakerimmers who tried for the baseball team four men were chosen for the regular nine: Sleepy, Tug, Sawed-off, and Jumbo.

Reddy and Heady had worked like beavers

to be accepted as the battery; but the pitcher and catcher of the year before were so satisfactory that the Twins could get no nearer to their ambitions than the substitute-list, and there it seemed they were pretty sure to remain upon the shelf, in spite of all the practice they had kept up, even through the winter; but an unexpected defeat by a weak nine had, at the same time, tied Kingston with Charleston, and put the regular battery under a cloud. So a game was immediately arranged for commencement week on the Kingston grounds; and the Twins were put in to pitch and catch.

The largest crowd of the year was gathered to witness the greatest game of the year, and Charleston and Kingston were tuned up to the highest pitch they could reach without breaking.

The Charlestonians were first at bat, and the Kingstonians spread themselves over the field in their various positions. The umpire tossed to the nervous Reddy what seemed to be a snowball, whose whiteness he immediately covered with dust from the box.

Reddy cast a nervous look around the field, then went into a spasm in which he seemed to be trying to "skin the cat" on an invisible turning-pole. Out of the mix-up he suddenly straightened himself. The first batsman saw a dusty white cannon-ball shoot past him, and heard the umpire's dulcet voice growl:

"Strike!"

Which pleased the Kingston audience so mightily that they broke forth into cheers and applause that upset Reddy so completely that the next ball slipped from his hand and came toward the first batsman so gently that he could hardly have missed it had he tried.

The Kingstonian cheer disappeared in a groan as everybody heard that unmistakable whack that resounds whenever the bat and the ball meet face to face. But the very sureness of the hit was its ruination, for it went soaring like a carrier-pigeon straight home to the hands of Sleepy, who, without moving from his place, reached up and took it in.

The Kingston groan was now changed back again to a cheer, and hundreds of pencils noted the fact that the first batter of the first half of the first inning had scored the first "out."

The Charleston third baseman now came to the bat. Three times in succession Reddy failed to get the ball over the plate, and the man evidently had made up his mind that he was to get his base on balls, for at the fourth pitch he dropped his bat and started for first base, only to be called back by the umpire's voice declaring a strike. To his immense disgust, two other strikes followed it, and he went to the bench instead of to the base.

The third Charlestonian smote the first ball pitched by Reddy and sent it bounding toward Jumbo, who ripped it off the ground and had it in the hands of his chum Sawed-Off before the Charlestonian was half-way to first base. This retired the side.

Sawed-Off was the first Kingston man to take a club to the Charlestonians. He waved his bat violently up and down and stared fiercely at the Charleston pitcher. His ferocity disappeared, however, when he saw the ball coming at a frightful speed straight at him and threatening to take a large scoop out of his stomach. He stretched up and back and away from it with a ridiculous wiggle that was the more ridiculous when he saw the ball curve harmlessly over the plate and heard the umpire cry:

"Strike—one!"

He upbraided himself for his fear, and when the next ball was pitched, though he felt sure that it was going to strike him on the shoulder, he did not budge. But here he made mistake number two, for the ball did not curve as the pitcher had intended, but gave the batter a sharp nip just where it said it would. The only apology the pitcher made was the rueful look with which he watched Sawed-Off going down to first base.

The Kingston center-fielder was the next at the bat, and he sent a little Roman-candle of a fly that fell cozily into the third baseman's hands.

Jumbo now came to the plate, and swung at the ball so violently that one might have thought he was trying to lift Sawed-Off bodily from first base to second. But he only managed to send a slow-coach of a liner, that raced him to first base and beat him there. Sawed-Off, however, had managed to make

second before the Charleston first baseman could throw him out; and there he pined away, for the Kingston third baseman struck out, possibly in compliment to the Charleston third baseman, who had done the same thing.

This complimentary spirit seemed to fill the short-stop also, for he sent down to his rival Jumbo a considerably easy little fly which stuck to Jumbo's palms as firmly as if there had been fly-paper on them.

The Charleston catcher now found Reddy after a clean base-hit between left and center field. He tried to stretch it into a two-base hit, and the Kingston center fielded the ball in so slowly that he succeeded in his grasping attempt.

The Charlestonian second baseman made a sacrifice hit that advanced the catcher to third. And now the pitcher came to the bat, eager to bring home the wretch at whom he had hurled his swiftest curves. His anxiety led him into making several foolish jabs at curves that were out of his reach, and finally he caught one just on the tip of his bat, and it went neatly into Tug's hand, leaving the catcher to perish on third base.

Sleepy now came to the bat for Kingston, and, without making any undue exertion, deftly placed a fly between the short-stop and the left-fielder, and reached first base on a canter. He made no rash attempts to steal second, but waited to be assisted there. The Kingston right-fielder, however, struck out and made way for Reddy. Reddy, though a pitcher, was, like most pitchers, unable to solve the mystery of a rival's curves for more than a little grounder that lost him first base and forced Sleepy to a most unwarranted exertion to keep from being headed off at second.

Tug now came to the bat, but, unfortunately, while the hit he knocked was a sturdy one, it went toward third base, and Sleepy did not dare venture off second, though he made a feint at third which engaged the baseman's attention until Tug had successfully reached first.

Heady puzzled them even more, however, by scratching off just such another little bunt as his brother had failed with, and when

he was put out at first Sleepy and Tug realized that their running had been in vain.

The Charleston right-fielder opened the third inning with a graceful fly just this side the right-fielder's reach in that field where base-hits seem to grow most plentifully. The Charleston center-fielder was presented with a base on balls, which forced the right-fielder to second base. Now Reddy recovered sufficiently to strike out the next Charleston batter, though the one after him sent into right field a long, low fly, which the Kingston right-fielder caught on the first bound and hurled furiously to third base to head off the Charleston runner. The throw was wild, and a sickening sensation went through the hearts of all as they saw it hurtle past the third baseman.

The Charleston runner rejoiced, and giving the bag a mere touch with his foot, started gaily for home; a warning cry from his coach, however, checked him in full speed, and he whirled about to see that Sleepy, foreseeing the throw from right field, as soon as the ball had left the bat had sauntered over behind the third baseman, had stopped the wild throw, and now stood waiting for the base-runner to declare his intention before he threw the ball. The Charlestonian made a quick dash to get back to third, but Sleepy had the ball in the third baseman's hands before him.

Now the third baseman saw that the second Charleston runner had also been wavering uncertainly between second and third, ready to reach third if Sleepy threw for home, and to return to second if he threw to third. The third baseman started toward the runner, making many pretenses of throwing the ball, and keeping the poor base-runner on such a razor-edge of uncertainty that he actually allowed himself to be touched out with barely a wriggle.

This brilliant double play retired the side. It was credited to the third baseman, but the real glory belonged to Sleepy, and the crowd gave him the applause.

Once more Sawed-Off towered at the bat; he was willing to take another bruise if he could be assured of getting to first base, but the pitcher was so wary of striking him this time that he gave him his base on balls, and

Sawed-Off lifted his hat to him in gratitude for this second gift.

The center-fielder knocked a fly into the hands of the first baseman, who stood on the bag. Sawed-Off barely escaped falling victim to a double play by beating the fly to first.

Again Jumbo labored mightily to advance Sawed-Off, and did indeed get him to second on a well-situated base-hit. The next Kingstonian, however, the third baseman, knocked to the second baseman a bee-liner that was so straight and hot that the second baseman could neither have dodged nor missed it had he tried; so he just held on to it, and set his foot on the bag, and caught Sawed-Off before he could get back to the base.

The fourth inning was opened by a Charlestonian, who sent a singing fly right over Sawed-Off's head. He seemed to double his length like a jack-knife. When he shut up again, however, the ball was not in his hand, but down in the right field. It was a master stroke, but it was worth only one base to Charleston.

The second man at the bat fell prey to Reddy's bewildering curves, and Reddy heard again that sweetest sound a pitcher can hear—the umpire's voice crying:

"Striker—out!"

The Charlestonian who had lined out the beautiful base-hit proved himself the possessor of a pair of heels as good as his pair of eyes, and, just as Reddy had declared by his motions such a readiness to pitch the ball that he could not have changed his mind without being declared guilty of a balk—just at that instant the Charlestonian dashed madly for second base. Heady snatched off his mask and threw the ball to second with all the speed and correctness he was master of; but the throw went just so far to the right that Tug, leaning far out, could not recover himself in time to touch the runner.

The Charleston catcher was evidently determined to bring in at least one run, or die trying. He smashed at every ball that Reddy pitched. He only succeeded, however, in making a number of fouls; but Reddy shuddered for the score when he realized how well the Charleston catcher was studying his best

curves. Suddenly the man struck up a sky-scraping foul. Everybody yelled at once:

"Over your head!"

And Heady, ripping away his mask again, whirled round and round, trying to find the little globule in the dazzling sky. He gimpeted all over the space back of the plate before he finally made out the ball coming to earth many feet in front of him. He made a desperate lunge for it and caught it. And Reddy's groan of relief could be heard clear from the pitcher's box.

The Charleston catcher, in a great huff, threw his bat to the ground with such violence that it broke, and he gave way to the second baseman. He made an heroic attempt, resulting in a clean drive that hummed past Reddy like a Mauser bullet and chose a path exactly between Jumbo and Tug. It was evident that no Kingston man could stop it in time to throw either to first base or home ahead of a Charleston man; but since Kingston could not put the side out before a run was scored, the Charlestonians cheerfully consented to put themselves out; that is, the base-runner on second, making a furious dash for third, ran ker-plunk into the ball, which recorded itself on his funny-bone.

A more nicely balanced game than this between Kingston and Charleston could hardly be imagined, and there was something in the air or in the game that made the two young teams play like veterans. Each worked together like a clock of nine cog-wheels.

Though the next four innings were altogether different from one another in batting and fielding, they were exactly alike in that they all totaled at the bottom of the column with a large blank goose-egg.

At the opening of the ninth inning even the uncultured members of the crowd—those unscientific ignoramuses that had voted the game a dull one because no one had made the circuit of the bases—even these sat up and breathed fast and wondered what was going to happen. They had not drawn many breaths before the Kingston catcher rapped on the plate and threw back his bat to knock the stuffing out of any ball that Reddy might hurl at him; and indeed his intentions were fully

realized, for the very first throw that Reddy made hit the bull's-eye on the Charleston bat and then leaped away with a thwack.

Reddy leaped for it first, but it went far from his fingers.

Next after him Tug went up into the air and fell back beautifully.

And after him—just as if they had been jumping-jacks—the center-fielder bounded high and clutched at the ball; but from his hold it went, and he turned and ran ignominiously after it. If he was running, the Charlestonian was flying; he shot across first base and on, just grazing second base, unseen by Tug, who had turned his back and was yelling vainly to the center-fielder to throw him the ball he had not yet caught up with. On the Charlestonian sped in a blind hurry. He very much resembled a young man decidedly anxious to get home as soon as possible; he flew past third base and on down like an antelope to the plate. This he spurned with his toe as he ran on, unable to check his furious impetus until he fell in the arms of the other Charleston players on the bench.

Long after the runner had made his run the ball came plumping in, on a wild-goose chase to the plate.

The scorers had recorded the run. History was scoring for Kingston, and he almost shed a tear as he put down the black mark of fate.

Meanwhile the umpire was down in the field talking to the third baseman, who was gesticulating to him very violently. There was an excited powwow for a few moments, and then Reddy broke loose from the crowd, and yelled in a blood-curdling tone to the throng on the grand stand that the Charleston catcher, instead of scoring a run, had put himself out by failing to touch third base in his hurry!

There was nothing for the Charlestonians to do but accept the umpire's verdict, especially as the catcher, when he stopped to think of it, had to confess that in his excitement he had not gone out of his way to touch third base.

Reddy's curves were so upset that the second man at the bat lined out a clean base-hit. The pitcher followed with another, advancing his man to second base. The Charleston right-fielder followed with a third ideal base-

hit on which his two predecessors easily reached their goals.

And now, with three men on bases and only one man out, Heady felt called upon to go down into the diamond and give his brother a little fatherly counsel. The result was that Reddy took a great deal of time about pitching the next ball. His deliberation evidently paid, for while the Charlestonian whirled himself off his feet in slashing where the ball should have been, it had gone in a roundabout way to Heady's sofa-cushion of a glove. This wretch, seeing at the very tip of his bat the chance to win glory for himself and Charleston by bringing in a run, heard those bitter words:

"Strike—two!" and "Striker—out!"

And when he laid aside his useless bat and dawdled back to the bench, he had such a lump in his throat that he felt as if he had been trying to swallow the ball.

The sorrow of those three castaways on the bases was quite as great and their grief even more intense when they saw another Charlestonian come to the bat and three times in succession strike only the ghost of the ball Reddy had pitched.

For nine innings the Charlestonians had marched up to the bat and then marched back again, and only one of them had gone the rounds and reached home; and he had crawled in at the back door and been ousted unceremoniously!

The Kingstonians had certainly played a beautiful game. But the Charlestonians had played one quite as good. All that the Kingston lovers could do, when they saw their nine



"STRIKE,—OUT!"

come to the bat for the ninth time, was to look uncomfortable, mop their brows, and murmur:

"Whew!"

The Kingstonian center-fielder was the first to the bat, and he struck out.

Then Jumbo appeared and got his base on balls in his old pet way, and made ardent preparations to steal second; but his enterprise was short-lived, for the Kingston third baseman knocked an easy grounder to the short-stop, who picked it from the ground and tossed it into the second baseman's hands almost with

one motion; and the second baseman, just touching the base with his toe to put Jumbo out on a forced run, made a clean throw to first that put out the batsman also.

The scientists marked down upon the calendars of their memory the fact that they had seen two preparatory school teams play a nine-inning game without scoring a run. The others in the crowd only felt sick with hope deferred, and wondered if that home plate were going to be another north pole.

The Charleston third baseman came to the bat first for his side in the tenth inning, and he struck out. The left-fielder followed him, and by knocking a little bunt that buzzed like a top just in front of the plate managed to agonize his way to first base before Reddy and Heady could field the ball—both of them having jumped for it and reached it at the same time. But this man, making a rash and foolish effort to steal second, was put out before he could accomplish the theft, Heady having made a wonderful throw.

The Charleston short-stop reached second on a fly muffed by the Kingston right-fielder.

And now once more the redoubtable Charleston catcher appeared at the bat. Once more he showed his understanding of Reddy's science. This time he was evidently determined to wipe out the mistake he had made of too great haste on his previous home runs. After warming up with two strikes and letting three balls pass, he found the ball where he wanted it, and drove out into left field a magnificent fly.

Sleepy saw it coming, and turning, ran to the best of his ability for the uttermost edge of his field, hoping only to delay the course of the ball. At length it overtook him, and even as he ran he sprang into the air and struck it as if he would bat it back to the home plate.

It did not stick to his fingers, but none of the scorers counted it as an error on the clean score beside his name under the letter E. He had not achieved the impossible of catching it, but he had done the next best thing: he had knocked it to the ground and run it down in two or three steps, and turned, and drawing backward till the ball almost touched the grass behind him, had strained every muscle

with a furious lunge, and sent the ball flying for home in a desperate race with the Charleston short-stop, who had passed third base and was sprinting for dear life homeward.

At the plate stood Heady, beckoning the carrier-pigeon home with frantic hope, Sawed-Off and Reddy both rushing to get behind him and back him up.

With a gasp of resolve the Charleston runner, seeing by Heady's eyes that the ball was just at hand, flung himself to the ground, hoping to lay at least a finger-tip on the plate. But there was a quick thwack as the ball struck Heady's gloves, there was a stinging blow at the Charlestonian's right shoulder-blade, and the shrill cry of the umpire:

"Out!"

And now Sleepy opened the second half of the tenth inning. He had a little splutter of applause for his magnificent throw when he came to the plate, but either he was dreaming of base-hits and did not hear it, or he was too lazy to lift his hat, for he made no sign of recognition. He made a sign of recognition of the Charleston pitcher's first upshoot, however, for he sent it spinning leisurely down into right field—so leisurely that even he beat it to first base. The Kingston right-fielder now atoned for his previous error by a ringing hit that took Sleepy on a comfortable jog to second base and placed him safely on third.

Then Reddy came to the bat. He was saved the chagrin of striking out to his deadly rival, but the hit he knocked was only a little fly that the pitcher caught. The two base-runners, however, had not had great expectations of Reddy's batting prowess, so they did not stray far from their bases and were not caught napping.

Now Tug came to the bat, and while he was gathering his strength for a death-dealing blow at the ball, the two base-runners made ready to take advantage of anything he should hit. The right-fielder played off too far, and, to Tug's despair, was caught by a quick throw from the pitcher to the first baseman.

Tug's heart turned sick within him, for there were two men out, and the only man on base was Sleepy, who could never be counted on to make a two-base run on a one-base hit.

As Tug stood bewailing his fate, the ball shot past him, and the umpire cried:

"Strike—one!"

Tug shook himself together with a jolt, and struck furiously at the next ball.

"Strike—two!" sang the umpire.

And now the umpire had upon his lips the fatal words:

"Strike—three!"

For as he looked down the line traced in the air by the ball, he saw that Tug had mis-

And since the game was now Kingston's, no one waited to see whether Heady would have knocked a home run or struck out. He was not even allowed a chance to bat.

CONCLUSION.

THERE was great rejoicing in Kingston that night, much croaking of tin horns, and much building of bonfires. The athletic year had been remarkably successful, and every one real-



BURNING THE TEXT-BOOKS.

judged it. But for once science meant suicide; for though Tug struck wild, the ball condescendingly curved down and fell full and fair upon the bat, dancing off again over the first baseman's head and toward the feet of the right-fielder. This worthy player ran swiftly for it and bent forward, but he could not reach it. It struck him a smarting whack on the instep, and bounded off outside the foul-line; and while he limped painfully after it there was time even for the sleepy Sleepy to reach the plate and score a run.

And then the right-fielder, half blinded with pain, threw the ball at nobody in particular, and it went into the crowd back of third base, and Tug came in unopposed.

ized the vital part played in that success by the men from Lakerim—the Dozen, who had made some enemies, as all active people must, and had made many more friends, as all active people may.

The rejoicing of the Lakerimmers themselves had a faint tang of regret; for, while they were all to go back to the same town together for their vacation, yet they knew that this would be the last year of school life they could ever spend together. Next year History, Punk, Sawed-Off, and Jumbo were to go to college. The others had at least one more year of preparatory work.

And they thought, too, that this first separation into two parts was only the beginning of

many separations, that might finally scatter them over the four quarters of the globe.

There was Bobbles, for instance, who had an uncle who was a great sugar magnate in the Hawaiian Islands, and had offered him a position there whenever he was ready for it.

B. J. had been promised an appointment to Annapolis, for he would be a sailor and an officer of Uncle Sam's navy. And Tug had been offered a chance to try for West Point, and there were no terrors for him in either the rigid mental or the physical examinations. Pretty, who had shown a wonderful gift for modeling in clay, was going some day to Paris to study sculpture. And Quiz looked forward to being a lawyer.

The Twins would go into business. Since their father's busy sawmill property would be divided equally between them, and, as they thought it out, could not very well be divided, they must make the best of life together. It promised to be a lively existence, but a pleasant withal.

History hoped to be a great writer some day, and Punk would be a professor of something staid and quiet, Latin most probably.

Sawed-Off and Jumbo had not made up their minds as to just what the future was to hold for them, but they agreed that it must be a something in partnership.

Sleepy had never a fancy of what coming years should bring him to do; he preferred to postpone the unpleasant task of making up his mind, and only took the trouble to hope that the future would give him something that offered plenty of time for sleeping and eating.

Late into the night the Twelve sat around a dancing bonfire, their eyes twinkling at the

memory of old victories and defeats, of struggles that were pleasant, whatever their outcome, just because they were struggles.

At length Sleepy got himself to his feet with much difficulty.

"Going to bed?" Jumbo sang out.

"Nope," drawled Sleepy, and disappeared into the darkness.

They all smiled at the thought of him, whom none of them respected and all loved.

In a space of time quite short for him Sleepy returned with an arm-load of books—the text-books that had given him so much trouble and would have given him more had they had the chance offered them.

"Fire 's getting low," was all he said, and he dumped the school-books into the blaze.

The eleven others knew that they had passed every examination either brilliantly or, at the worst, well enough to scrape through. Sleepy did not even know whether he had failed or not. But the next morning he found out that he should sadly need next year those books that were charred cinders in a corner of the campus, and should have to replace them out of his spending-money.

That night, however, he was blessed in his ignorance, and having made a pyre of his tormentors, he shared the gaiety of the others.

When it grew very late silence gradually fell on the chattering Twelve. The beauty of the night and the presence of all the Dozen seemed to be speech enough.

Finally the fire fell asleep, and with one mind they all rose and, standing in a circle about the glimmering ashes, clasped hands in eternal friendship and said:

"Good night."





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY HIS SON.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

"ADMIRAL," from a Hebrew verb, *amar*, to rule, is the Arabic *amir-al*, meaning the ruler, and is the title of the highest naval officer, as "general" is the title for the highest military rank. Congress introduced the rank in 1864 for David Glasgow Farragut, whose father was a Spaniard. David-Dixon Porter was the second, George Dewey is our third admiral.

George Dewey was born in Montpelier, Vermont, the day after Christmas in 1837—the year Ericsson, of "Monitor" fame, first applied the screw-propeller to steamships; and yet this great improvement came so slowly into use that the first vessel on which Dewey, at the age of twenty-five, served as a lieutenant was a side-wheeler. The Deweys are of English descent, and

George's father was a country doctor, who, in 1825, married Mary Perrin. There were four children—three boys, George being the third, and a daughter, the youngest. The stories told of George's boyhood show him to have been a plucky and manly little youngster, whom his father called his "little hero." He was wiry, active, fond of "Robinson Crusoe," and never afraid of a fight for good cause. He went barefoot, gave theatrical shows in the barn, and was altogether the sort of boy that boys like—such a nice little chap as may be found in nearly every schoolhouse in the land.

At fifteen he went to the Norwich Military Academy, and while there decided to enter Annapolis, winning his father's consent with difficulty. Entering the Naval Academy at seventeen, Dewey graduated in 1858, standing fifth in a class of fourteen. He was popular, and an especially good swimmer and athlete. For two years he cruised as a midshipman in the Mediterranean, and upon his return passed his examination with credit, and was commissioned lieutenant.

When the Civil War began, Dewey was appointed first lieutenant on the United States steamer "Mississippi," a side-wheeler,—one of the oldest vessels in the navy,—commanded by Captain Melancthon Smith. This vessel was part of Farragut's Gulf Squadron, and was hotly engaged in opening the Mississippi River and taking New Orleans in 1862. Dewey stood on the bridge during the fight with Forts Jackson and St. Philip,—when the Union and Confederate gunners were so near that they could exchange words,—and the young officer was conspicuous for his cool bravery and efficient service. On the way up the river, Dewey's vessel drove ashore and destroyed the Confederate ram "Manassas."

Farragut afterward said to Dewey's father:

"Sir, your son George is a worthy and a brave officer. He has an honorable record, and some day will make his own mark."

But Farragut would have been amazed if he could have known that, of all the officers of the navy, this young officer would be second to succeed him as admiral of the navy, and would win his promotion in battle with the Spaniards, the countrymen of Farragut's father.

The next year brought disaster to the Mississippi. She grounded during the battle at Port Hudson, and was burned. Dewey was active in taking off the crew, and afterward escaped, with the loss, it is said, of his coat-tails!

The young lieutenant continued in active service, and in the fights with Fort Fisher, in 1864 and 1865, showed his cleverness by going so close to the shore in the "Colorado" that the enemy's shot went over the vessel.

In March, 1865, Dewey was appointed lieutenant commander.

After the Civil War, Dewey was in service on the "Kearsarge" and the Colorado; and in 1867 he married Miss Susan Goodwin, daughter of a governor of New Hampshire. To pass rapidly over the peaceful years that follow, it will suffice to say that Dewey was at the Naval Academy till 1870, when he took command of the "Narragansett"; in 1875 he was appointed Commander, and served on the Lighthouse Board; in 1882 he was in the Asiatic Squadron, commanding the "Juniata,"—thus acquiring his first knowledge of Eastern waters,—and two years later became captain of the "Dolphin," and afterward of the "Pensacola" in the European Squadron.

His subsequent service included work on the Lighthouse Board and the Bureau of Equipment; and as Commodore he was head of the Board of Inspection and Survey. It is not strange that the admiral is a man thoroughly equipped, after so long a service in peace and war.

In November, 1897, his health not being good, Dewey asked to be assigned to sea service, and was sent to command our squadron in the East, and was at Hong-Kong when the war with Spain began.

The English authorities had to order the American vessels to leave within twenty-four hours after the declaration of war, and on April 25 Dewey, in the "Olympia," the flagship, followed the part of his squadron that had left the day before.

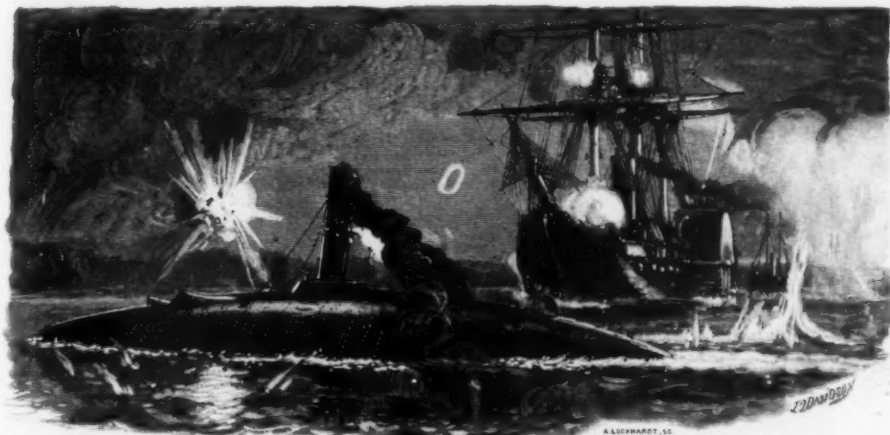
The band on the flagship played the "El Capitan" march, and the war-vessels steered straight for the Philippines. Two days later the squadron was off Luzon Island, and that night they passed the fort on Corregidor Island,

six hundred feet above the sea, and entered Manila Bay.

The battle that followed has been enough described. Let us only say that the Spanish

as news of the victory reached Washington, and an admiral's flag was hoisted on the Olympia.

For more than two months Dewey's position was one of serious anxiety; but on July 17



THE "MISSISSIPPI" DRIVES THE CONFEDERATE RAM "MANASSAS" ASHORE.

flagship, "Reina Christina," made a gallant attempt to reach the Olympia, and lost 340 men in a few minutes. The American war-ships destroyed all the Spanish vessels, and suffered no damage worth mentioning. One Spanish shell cut the rigging four feet above Dewey's head as he stood on the bridge.

Just after one o'clock the Spanish hauled down their flags, and then Dewey said of his men: "I've the prettiest lot of men that ever stepped on shipboard, and their hearts are as stout as their ships." An officer who was in the fight said of Dewey: "He is worshiped by his men. He is a magnificent theorist, a genius in management, and one of the greatest sea-fighters the century has produced."

Destroying the Spanish vessels was only the beginning of Dewey's triumph at Manila. Difficult questions arose regarding the Spanish armies ashore, the foreign war-ships in the bay, the possible arrival of a second Spanish naval force, the furnishing of provisions, of coal, of ammunition. Problems of management in regard to the treatment of the insurgents, and in regard to intervention between the natives and the Spaniards, came up daily.

Dewey was appointed Rear-Admiral as soon

word came that Cervera's ships had been destroyed off Santiago, and that Camara's vessels, which were believed to be on their way to attack Dewey, had been recalled—this welcome message being brought by a Japanese steamer.

August 13 Manila was surrendered, and, owing to Admiral Dewey's wise diplomacy, there was only a show of resistance.

Once, during Dewey's occupation of the bay, the insurgent leader, Aguinaldo, tried to prevent the Americans from receiving provisions; but Dewey sent word to him that this interference "had got to stop!—had got to stop!—had got to stop!"—and next day the provisions arrived. He was equally firm with the foreign naval officers, telling them plainly that if they kept the peace he would do the same, but that if they wanted war "they could have it."

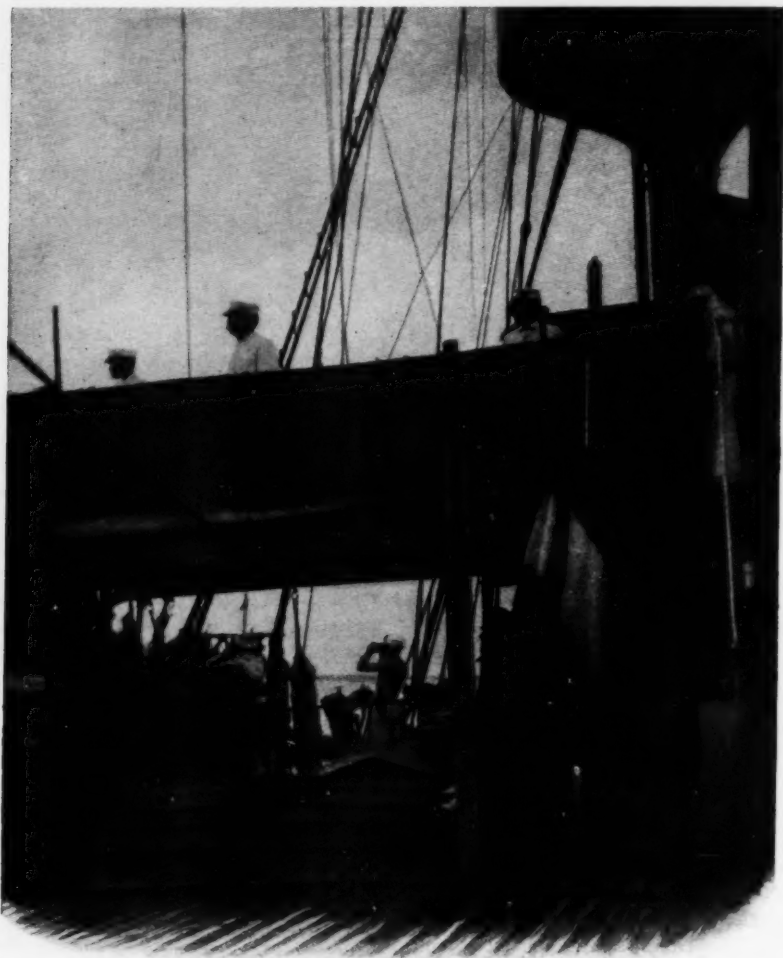
The Spanish say of Dewey's treatment of them, after the surrender, "He was neither cruel, haughty, nor bloodthirsty."

Upon the arrival of the military force Admiral Dewey was able to lay aside the burden of responsibility he had borne so long; and then, his health being somewhat impaired by his arduous duties, he was ordered home.

March 3, 1899, he was made Admiral of the navy.

The whole nation will receive him with the warmest welcome and the highest honors.

And the admiral is the same modest, capable officer as before all these glories. He said good-naturedly, not long ago, to a correspondent: "It's hard business, this being a hero."



ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE "OLYMPIA," WATCHING THE EFFECT OF SHELLS, AUGUST 13.
(DEWEY IS THE SECOND FIGURE FROM THE LEFT, ON THE BRIDGE.)

Congress appropriated ten thousand dollars to provide bronze medals for the men of his fleet, and a sword of honor for the admiral himself. This sword will be presented to him on the steps of the White House by the President—an unprecedented distinction.

As an English naval officer, an excellent authority says: "In ignoring all risks, and, like Farragut at Mobile, making straight for his objective,—the enemy's squadron,—Dewey followed the best naval traditions, and fully deserved his success." And he adds: "In the

difficult situation which followed the surrender of Manila on August 13, and subsequently, Dewey showed the greatest tact and discretion."

Personally, Admiral Dewey is a man of quiet humor, cheerful, not talkative, but direct and effective in speech. He has an especial hatred of lying and deceit, though easy with his men for minor faults. He is a quick thinker, a thoroughly trained officer, and has the liking for neatness that shows a systematic mind.

He is said to be fond of children, being known

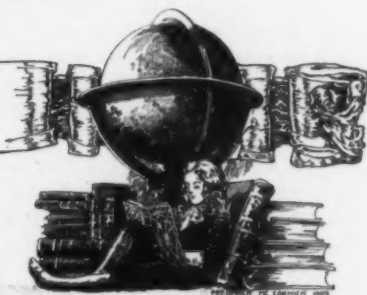
as "Uncle Captain" to the children of his neighbors, to whom he often tells stories. He can sing and play the guitar, is courteous and approachable when off duty, and is fond of riding and hunting.

Altogether a man for every American to be proud of—not forgetting that the navy has plenty of the same type, as Admiral Dewey would be the very first to assert.

May Admiral George Dewey live long to enjoy his well-deserved honors!



BOOKS AND READING.



WE regret that pressure of other editorial duties has prevented the preparation of the list of one hundred books for a Young Folks' Library. We shall have to ask the indulgence of our readers until a later number.

THE GOOD WORK OF A LIBRARY LEAGUE.

MANY of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have heard of the Children's Street-Cleaning League of New York. I want to tell you how this same Street-Cleaning League suggested one of the most fascinating of children's clubs to Miss Linda A. Eastman and Miss Pierce, of the Cleveland Public Library.

They had seen the attractive new books come from the publishers with their gay covers, and between the covers the thoughts of many a man or woman who had devoted his or her life and knowledge to the children; and they had seen these books go into the homes of some little people and return, alas! soiled, torn, and dog-eared, all their beauty and freshness vanished forever. Miss Eastman and Miss Pierce reasoned somewhat in this way: "If the children of New York can do so much toward keeping the streets clean, why cannot the Cleveland children do as much for clean books?"

The late Rev. Henry Doty Maxson, of Menominee, Wisconsin, composed a book-

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mark for the children of the Mabel Taintor Memorial Library. It is used in a great many large libraries, among them the Cleveland. It reads:

CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BOOK-MARK.

"Once on a time" a Library Book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You would n't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

The demand for these book-marks among the Cleveland children became so great that ten thousand copies were soon exhausted, and fifty thousand more were printed. Miss Eastman and Miss Pierce thought the matter over, then reasoned thus: If the children are so enthusiastic over the *idea* of clean books, why not form a league after the plan of the Children's Street-Cleaning League of New York, to make clean books something more than an idea?

On March 29, 1897, a bulletin was posted in the juvenile alcove of the Cleveland Public Library, inviting all the children to join the Library League; invitations were also sent to the city schools. And join it they did. They flocked by hundreds to sign the honor-roll, which reads as follows:

HONOR-ROLL OF THE LIBRARY LEAGUE.

We, the undersigned, members of the Library League, agree to do all in our power to assist the librarian in keeping the books in good condition.

We promise to remember that good books contain the living thoughts of good and great men and women, and are therefore entitled to respect.

We will not handle any library book roughly nor carelessly, will not mark it, turn down its leaves, nor put anything into it thicker than a slip of paper.

We will also do all in our power to interest other boys and girls in the right care of books, and will report all that we find in bad condition.

We promise to be quiet and orderly in the library, so as not to disturb any one who comes to read or study.

Each member received a certificate, and on payment of three cents became the proud possessor of a League badge, consisting of an open book of white metal with the words "Cleveland Library League" inscribed across its pages.

The League has not stopped with simply keeping the books clean, but it has formed itself into reading clubs—one a travel club, another a biography club, and so on. The Maxson book-mark has been extended into a series of book-marks, upon which there have been printed Library League news, lists of good books, and a little continued story.

Saturday afternoon, November 6, 1897, was an exciting occasion. A grand mass-meeting of the League was held in Music Hall, the largest auditorium of Cleveland, and nearly five thousand children were present.

The children sang the League song, written by Miss Glasier, with the chorus:

Oh, we are the League, the Library League,
Fourteen thousand strong,
And if you value the bright new books,
Join us and help us along.

Mr. Brett, the librarian, made a speech, and the program was completed by an exhibition of stereopticon views. If the enthusiasm of the children was a true indication, the mass-meeting was a great success.

On the League's first birthday, Tuesday, March 29, 1898, it had fourteen thousand three hundred and forty-four members.

Other libraries have followed in the wake of Cleveland, conspicuous among them being the James Prendergast Library in Jamestown, New York. In October, 1897, Miss Hazeltine, the librarian, started the Library League on the day of the opening of the children's room. This attractive room, belonging entirely to the little people of Jamestown, was decorated with autumn leaves and pictures. Near the entrance hung a framed copy of the League honor-roll. Magazines lay on the small oak tables, and the books were enticingly arranged on shelves around the room. Over one thousand children were present.

The League is still in its infancy, but if it grows as rapidly in proportion for the next ten years as it has for the past year, its future is one of importance.

What a wealth and variety of entertainment it opens up for its members, many of whom have never touched a book nor heard a fairy-tale, nor known a single hour of pure enjoyment in their little lives! With its attractive children's room, books, pictures, and its jolly club meetings, it brings them new life, new thoughts, new imaginations, and new companionships.

THE LIBRARY LEAGUE MOTTO.

Clean hearts, clean hands, clean books.

*Frances Jenkins Olcott,
Of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, Pa.*

CURRENT EVENTS AND TOPICS.

GLASS STREETS AND GLASS HOUSES. M. LOUIS GARCHY, who is a native of Burgundy, France, has discovered a method of melting up all kinds of old glass, such as bottles, broken window-panes, and so forth, and casting it into blocks which, he claims, are as hard and durable as any stone.

The authorities of Lyons, the largest city in Burgundy, gave him permission to lay his new material as a pavement on one of the most traveled streets of the city. The work was finished last November, and although the pavement has had constant wear, it is as good now as when first laid.

This success has attracted great attention to "ceramic stone," "devitrified glass," or "ceramo-crystal," as the new substance is called.

The inventor intends to build a house of ceramic stone for the Paris Exposition next year, in which he will show all that can be done with glass as a building material. This house will be translucent enough to allow people on the outside to get the benefit of the light from within, without being so clear that they can see what the people inside are doing. It ought to be a beautiful spectacle. The inventor says he feels confident that in three years' time glass houses will be so common that they will scarcely attract attention. And they will also be so strong that the inmates can throw all the stones they choose without fear of having their dwellings knocked about their ears in return, which shows that it takes a lively proverb to keep up with modern inventors.

The advantages of the new material are, first, its durability. Water ruins stone by getting into its pores and freezing, thus breaking off piece after piece. Of course this cannot happen to ceramic stone. The second advantage is its cleanliness. What could be nicer than a glass street? The dirt cannot stick to it. The third advantage is its beauty. It can be made in a variety of colors, and a row of houses built of it, gleaming red, green, and blue, would seem an architectural fairy-story.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES. In some of the large cities of this country there are streets which are simply deep and narrow cañons. Light comes into the lower floors of these buildings at such an angle that very little of it reaches the rooms, and people who work in such offices have to use gas or electric light all day long, and are almost as much shut off from the blessed sunlight as the toilers in a coal-mine. A recent invention is intended to improve this condition. The plan is to have the window-panes made so that they will reflect the light from the sky straight into the room. One way of doing this is to have the panes made of a number of prisms, that catch the light and throw it sideways; but these are very expensive. A cheaper way is to have the pane made up of a number of strips of glass arranged to send the light where it is needed. So ingenuity cures an evil that man made for himself.

AN ANIMATED IRONCLAD. It is said that there exists in the interior of Patagonia a bullet-proof animal, who rejoices in the pleasant name of *Neomylodon listai Ameghino*. "Mylodon" is a Greek word which has been applied to a fossil sloth-like animal, and "neo," which is also from the Greek, means "new." The neomylodon is described as dreadful to look upon. It has very long claws, and cannot be killed, because its skin is too hard to be pierced by a bullet or any weapon. It seems too hard to believe that in our day there lives a brute who would regard a Gatling-gun attack as of no more moment than a rainstorm!

However, Dr. F. Moreno, the English commissioner to the Argentine Republic, recently brought the skin of one of these remarkable quadrupeds to London, where it is to be placed in the museum. The animal from which the skin was taken is thought to have been about the size of a cow. An English expedition to Patagonia hopes to obtain both the skin and skeleton of a neomylodon.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

IN our November number every reader of ST. NICHOLAS will find something of unusual interest. In fact, we shall tell you next month all about a new society or league to be formed by ST. NICHOLAS for its great army of boys and girls. Every reader of the magazine will be entitled to membership in the organization; there are soon to be badges and prize competitions for all, and the League will have a special department of its own in the magazine.

We believe our boys and girls will find pleasure and profit in working and winning and marching together under one badge and banner, as "THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE." November will tell you all about it, and if you have friends who do not see ST. NICHOLAS regularly, they may be glad to hear about the new organization.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS recently wrote to inquire where she could find a short account, suitable for children's reading, of the life of Admiral Dewey.

ST. NICHOLAS publishes in this number an account containing the essential facts of the Admiral's career.

READERS of Miss Proctor's account of the "Southern Cross" will be interested in the diagram shown here.



The grouping of stars into constellations being wholly a matter of fancy, any one may draw the figures as he thinks best. This diagram, being in white on black,

gives an excellent (though an exaggerated) idea of the brilliancy of the constellation. Of course young readers must understand that the size of the main stars is greatly increased in this diagram—which is not meant to resemble the real constellation.

Heraldry has made use of every sort of device, and the Southern Cross is not an exception. The Emperor Charles V. gave the four chief stars as armorial bearings to the historian OVIEDO, who lived thirty-four years in Spanish America.

Savages, too, know the constellation, and the native Australians consider this group of stars to represent a tree, with an opossum among the branches and an emu at its foot.

HERE is a little notion, old enough to be new, that will suit autumn harvest-days:

APPLE-PIP MICE.

TAKE some fat pips from a good healthy apple, and let them dry. Do not let them dry too long a time, or they will be too brittle.

The general shape is more rounded on one of the narrow sides than the other. Regard this as the back of the intended mouse, and holding it between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, with this back up, and the point or nose toward you, begin with the ears by cutting a delicate slice, without detaching it, from each side of the head. Start the cut well up on the side of the back—fully one third. In doing this, you must use the fine blade of a very fine penknife, extremely sharp, so cut slowly, and be very careful to guard against a slip, which might cause a painful cut of a finger.

Then make the eyes by twirling the point of the knife where the eyes should be.

The under side or other edge of a well-formed pip is somewhat flat, and kindly lends itself to the next opera-

tion—the cutting of the feet. Cut the fore feet first, and do not cut them too far, or they will come off when you begin cutting the hind feet. The same caution is to be used as in cutting the ears, not to detach them.

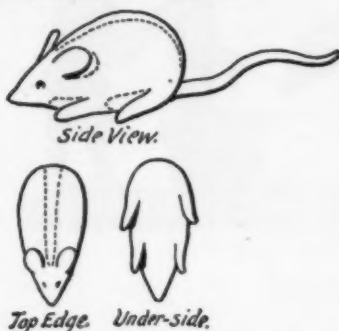


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE APPLE-PIPS ARE CUT.

Now comes the most ticklish touch of all, the cutting of the tail. So as not to damage them in handling, press down the ears and feet. Turning the back up and the nose away from you, begin right behind the ears by starting a very slim slice along the ridge. Some seeds have a slight ridge here, and this will assist you. Carry



THE MICE COMPLETED.

the cut very carefully, delicately and slightly widening it, well over and full down the rounded end of the pip. Then, being very careful not to break it off after all this labor, turn the tail full back and down, when it will be found to have quite a graceful curve. And when you open out the ears and legs again, and set down the pip complete, your friends will be surprised to see what a lifelike animal in miniature your apple-pip mouse is.

HENRY W. TROY.

WAITATI, OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you, and I hope it will not be the last. I enjoy reading you very much, and am always glad when you come by the post.

I live at Waitati, a place in Otago. Waitati is a Maori name. *Wai* means water, and *tati* clear; so Waitati means "the place of clear water." Waitati is about thirteen miles by road and seventeen by rail from Dunedin, the chief town of Otago. The scenery here is beautiful, and during the summer months the place is crowded with tourists from all parts. When the annual meeting of the Council of the Educational Institute of New Zealand was held in Dunedin, the delegates drove out to Waitati and spent a most enjoyable day. The Australian Cricketers' Eleven also drove out, and altogether Waitati is a very popular holiday resort.

My father is the editor of "Schoolmates," a children's

journal circulated monthly, and also of "The New Zealand Journal of Education." He gets a great many journals from America, and is on the exchange list with many of them (as with you).

The stories I like best in you are "Margaret Clyde's Extra," "The Story of Betty," "Big Jack," and "An Invincible Horse-Tamer." I think the poetry in you so beautiful. My favorites are "The Raid of the Raffertys" and "The Don's Boots." I am also very interested in the Letter-box, and the article about stamps (of which I am a collector). I have not seen any letters from this part of New Zealand in the Letter-box, but I saw one from Hawera Taranaki Province.

Hoping to see my letter in ST. NICHOLAS,

I remain, your admiring reader,

DOCY DAVIDSON.

BUDAPEST.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we have been reading you for two years, we do not remember to have seen a letter from either our city or our country, and we think you and your readers will be interested to hear something about the Hungarians and their country. We live in Budapest, which is the capital of Hungary. It is quite a large city with about 800,000 inhabitants, and is beautifully situated on both sides of the Danube. There is an electric underground railway, which goes very rapidly. We are not all Hungarian, because our mother was born in Chicago. We have cousins there, who enjoy you also. Two years ago we were in the United States for the second time, and there you were given us as a gift.

You may, perhaps, like to hear something about the farms here, which are different from those in America, and mostly are very large. They are called *fussza* (poostah), and you can see the "Fata Morgana" often.

The costumes of the male peasants are: a divided skirt of white linen, and their jackets have large silver buttons. You do not know, perhaps, that our national tongue is the Hungarian language, and in the schools everything is taught in this tongue.

Our favorite stories are: the "Lakerim" stories, "Quicksilver Sue," "Betty," and "Trinity Bells."

Your admiring readers,

JOSEPH AND MARGARET STRASSER.

AN EXCELLENT SCISSORS-ARTIST.

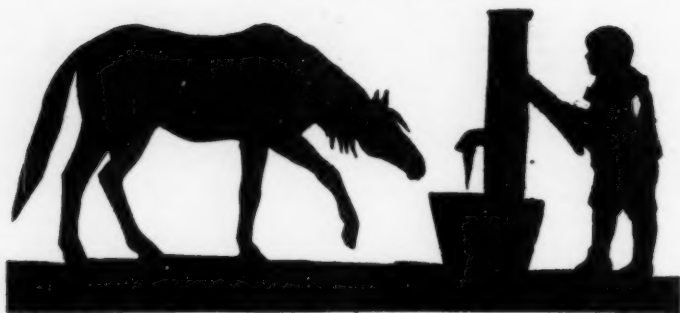
IN the ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1896, we all read with interest an account of the earliest artistic work of Charles Dana Gibson.



"SIT UP, PORTO!"

But how much easier is it to tell of the past than to predict the future—and how much safer!

Now, the writer feels inclined to share with the readers



GIVING "DOBBIN" A DRINK AT THE PUMP.

of ST. NICHOLAS the knowledge that there is another young artist whose scissors are believed to portend great things.

On a ranch in Montana lives a young girl who is similarly gifted. Before she was able to walk, she amused herself by cutting outline pictures of the things she saw. She works very rapidly, the silhouettes here shown having all been cut in less than half an hour. The scissors used were a large, clumsy, dull pair of shears, and handled in the same way as young Gibson was represented as handling his—turning the paper and not the scissors.

She does not cut from pictures, but from ideas of her own or something she has seen.

How her work compares with the early work of the now renowned artist, each must judge for himself; but



"BIDDY" WANTS THE CHICK.

who can look at the scissors silhouettes that, with little apparent effort, drop from her nimble fingers, without wondering, "What will be her future?"

EDWARD EVERETT BILLINGS.

WE thank our young friends for their pleasant letters, but many can receive only a few words of notice:

C. Ethel Knecht sends a bright little poem from Saranac Lake, N. Y.

R. E. S. writes a chatty letter from a hospital. She has taken ST. NICHOLAS for six years.

Miriam Bennett tells of a pet chipmunk belonging to

her brother. ST. NICHOLAS will soon print a long story about a most remarkable chipmunk.

Helen Powers thinks "Trinity Bells" the nicest of all the stories.

Anna Hartman expresses her pleasure in the poems of Virginia Woodward Cloud.

E. S. B. sends us a poem written by his father at the age of ten—a very clever piece of verse.

Amy M. Walker is the happy possessor of a new sister.

Mary Frances Brigham's letter is very charming.

Margery A. Bacon tells of a cottage named "Cricket Nook," where she spent the summer.

Gertrude Morris Cookman is "perfectly delighted" with ST. NICHOLAS, and "hails each number with great delight."

Amy Poppe sends us some rhymes that are very creditable to a twelve-year-old.

Julia H. Mayer thinks "Quicksilver Sue" and "Betty" very interesting.

"Pony" sends a nicely written little letter full of news.

J. E. Fagen says their letter-carrier always has a heavy mail on the 25th—the day ST. NICHOLAS comes.

Hildegard Gerhard says her little donkey, seventeen years old, often lies down in the street, but she just unharnesses him and makes him get up.

Sidney Watson's birthday is the 12th of August, and he was 12 on his last birthday. He says he closes, "hopping to see his letter in print." We hope he won't be kept hopping too long. His letter is interesting, and well written.

Ellen Stuart has a friend, and a large oak-tree with a swing in it; so her comfort is provided for.

Margaret Du Bose sends a rhymed story about "Tom Thumb" with her own illustrations.

E. R. D. has a saddle-horse, but the saddle was burned in a barn, and E. R. D. can't ride at present. We are sorry—but Christmas is coming.

Pamela Moore has taken ST. NICHOLAS from the beginning. We wonder how many have always subscribed for it?

Marie E. Allen "enjoys the stories just as much" as her sister Edith, the one who subscribes.

Elise Paulin is a little girl who sends a big letter. Lucy Kent enjoyed "Denise and Ned Toodles" more than any recent serial.

Miriam Low and Mary Hutchinson are collectors of stamps, and have over 1400 together. They also play croquet nearly every evening.

David Gakway and Harold H. Griswold are young photographers, and wrote us some time ago about a camera club. We regret the delay in noticing their letter.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Lane. 2. Area. 3. Neat. 4. Eats.

HEADS AND TAILS. 1. Lever, revel. 2. Repel, leper. 3. What, thaw. 4. Pool, loop. 5. Lead, deal. 6. Team, meat. 7. Thus, shut.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. School-days. 1. Mason. 2. Laced. 3. Other. 4. Shone. 5. Thorn. 6. Tally. 7. Addle. 8. Shake. 9. Mayor. 10. Haste.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

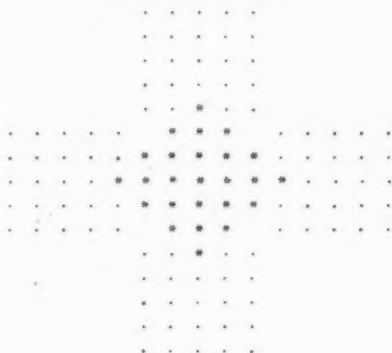
SHELLEY.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Paul Reese and "Dondy Small."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Richard Valentine, 1—Mary P. Stevens, 1—Florence Foster, 3—Jennie Pearce, 1—Lyle Johnson, 1—Acme B. B. Club, 2—Katharine Baird, 1—Nellie Bosworth, 2—Mabel M. Carey, 7—E. Georgia Curtis, 4—Allil and Adi, 8—Hilda, Helen, and Ernest, 8—Horace M. Bringham, 6—"The Anti-Thayer Co.," 8—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—Ethel L. Rourke, 1—Logan Rhoads, 8—Mabel Miller Johns, 8—Helen W. Johns, 1—Marjorie and Caspar, 8—"Mid-Winter's Daughter," 5—Lester Peck, 1—Frederic Siraud Foster, 4—Angus Mundell Berry, 2—Elizabeth and Ethel, 2—Everett A. Scott, 1—D. Paul Musselman, 3—Marion and Julia Thomas, 8—Elma Eaton, 7—Clara A. Anthony, 6—"Sister-Cousins," 6—Katharine Forbes Liddell, 6—Mary Lester Bringham, 8—Carrie Janson and Audrey Wigram, 5—"Ria" and Franklin Ely Rogers, 4—Serena and John Gould, 7—Hildegard G., 7—George Whitney Calhoun, 1—Herbert Murphy and Co., 7—Kitty, Rocky and Co., 3—R. S. and Co., 7—Jack and George A., 8—Gertrude Morris Cookman, 1—Joe Carls, 8—Mama and Betty, 7—Bub, Sis, Ma, and Pa, 3.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL DIAMOND.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Courage. 2. To go in. 3. To make reparation. 4. Fissures. 5. A lock of hair.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An American general. 2. A Dutch coin. 3. To reverse. 4. Courage. 5. Large plants.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In connection. 2. A vehicle. 3. A song of praise. 4. Made of clay. 5. A kind of tea. 6. A meadow. 7. In connection.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An ultimate atom. 2. A musical composition. 3. Part of a stairway. 4. Pertaining to an area. 5. To waste time in trifling.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Without bones. 2. A musical drama. 3. At no time. 4. To rear. 5. Short lances.

F. W. F.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

WHAT are October's golden days,
With frosty morns and noontide haze?

CROSS-WORDS.

1. Along the lane pale asters nod
To graceful plumes of goldenrod.
2. The tides through marshy inlets flow,
And in their ebb lush grasses grow.
3. The woods their banners have unrolled,
And gleam a tint of flame and gold.
4. And through the long, enchanting night,
The harvest moon sheds silvery light.
5. We find a message in our dreams
From elves who caper on its beams.
6. (There 's much, the ancient gossips say,
Of human nature in a fay.)
7. The ardent heat of summer-time
Comes when the sun begins to climb,
8. But lacks the joy, too deep for words—
The vocal largess of the birds.

ANNA M. PRATT.

